

THE
National
AND ENGLISH
Review

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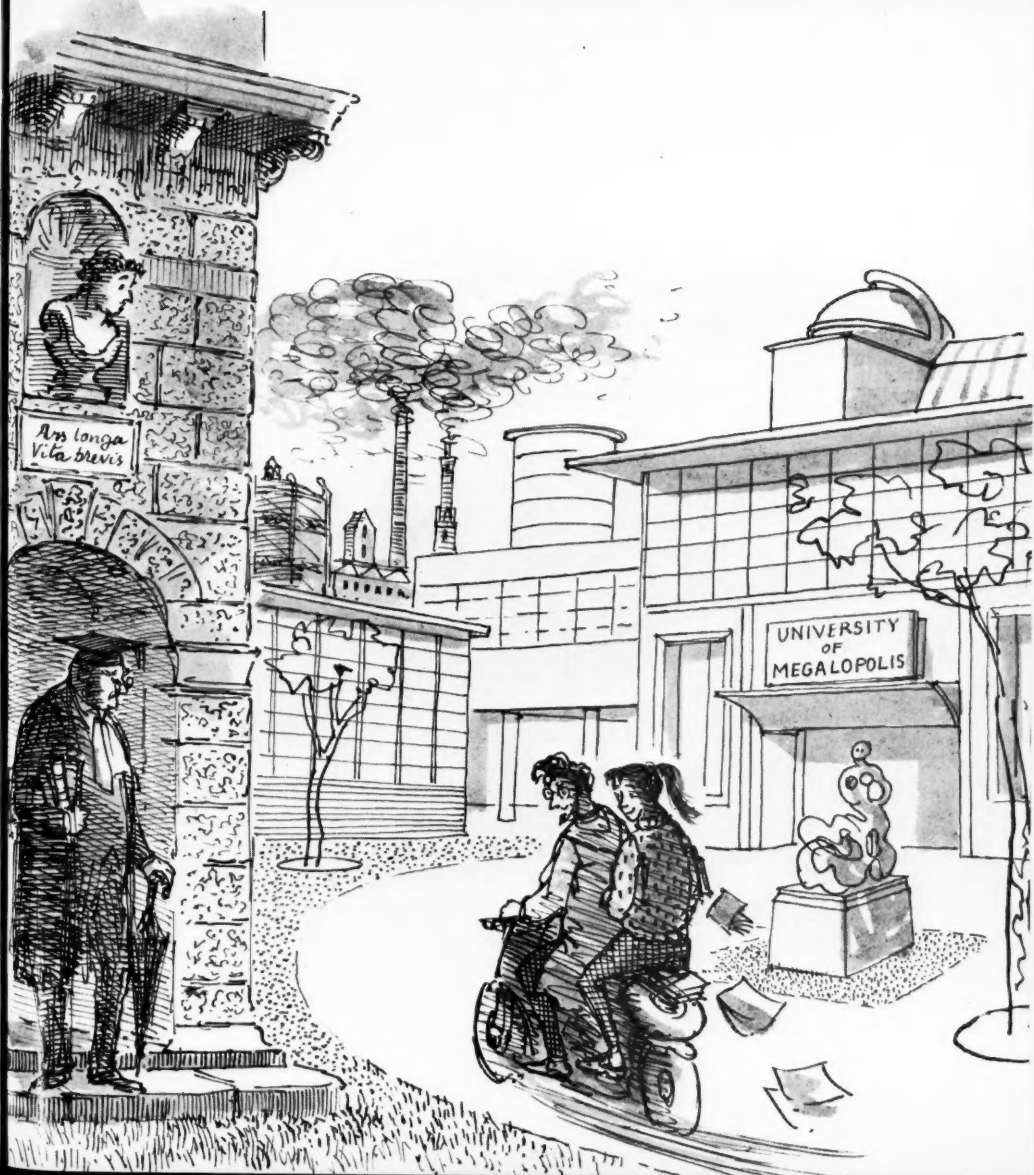
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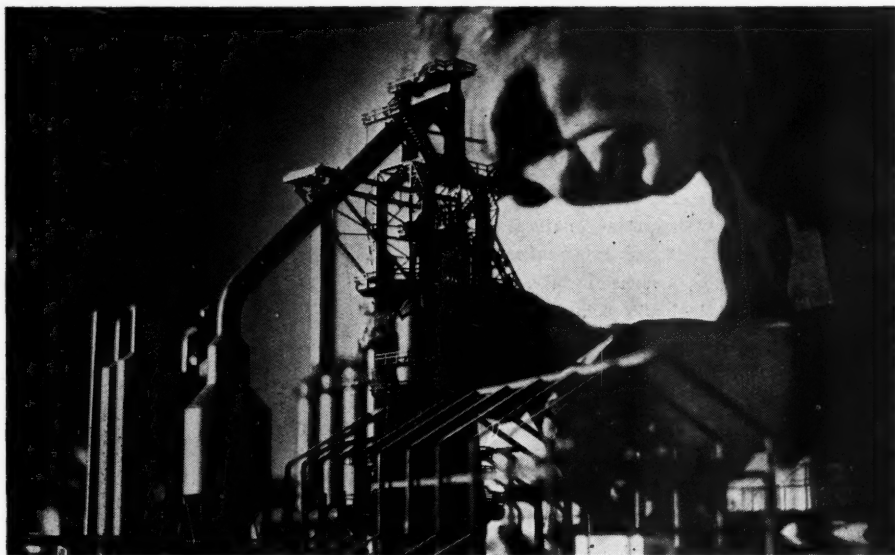
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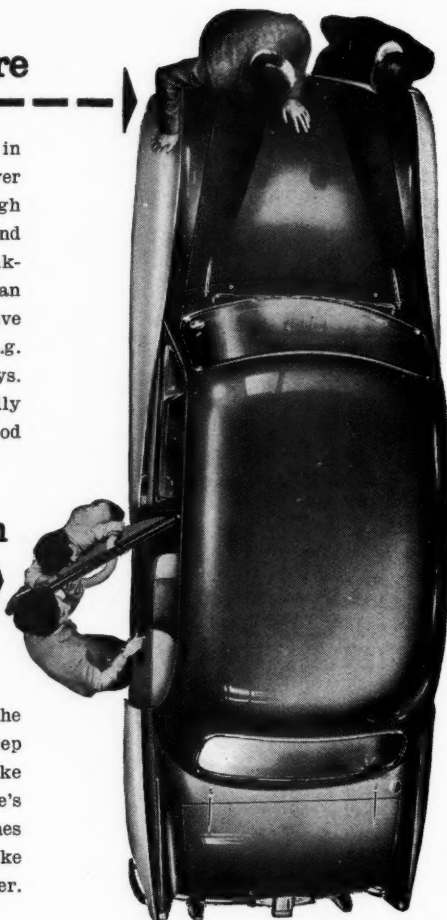
THE BRITISH IRON AND STEEL
FEDERATION

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the things they say!

First-class honours in Chemistry, eh, Jim?

I expect you've been offered plenty of jobs.

Yes, but unfortunately most of them have been in industry.

What's so unfortunate about that?

Well, I'd like to go on doing the kind of research we do at the University. Industrial research holds no attractions for me.

Why not? I used to think like you, but since I joined I.C.I. I've seen that research in industry can be just as satisfying. Think of the value to hospitals of the new anaesthetic 'Fluothane' and the importance to farmers of 'Helmox', a new treatment for lung-worm disease in their cattle. Both are recent I.C.I. discoveries and this is obviously work of national importance.

Perhaps it is, but I'd prefer to continue pursuing knowledge for its own sake.

Maybe, but whether you work in a University or in an industrial laboratory you'll be employing the same scientific method, the same mental approach—and is there anything derogatory in acquiring scientific knowledge to use it for practical ends?

I don't suppose there is, really.

Of course there isn't. And you might find yourself doing pure research in I.C.I. anyway. About 15% of I.C.I.'s big research budget is devoted to fundamental work, and some of the men engaged in it have achieved international recognition in their particular fields.

Y



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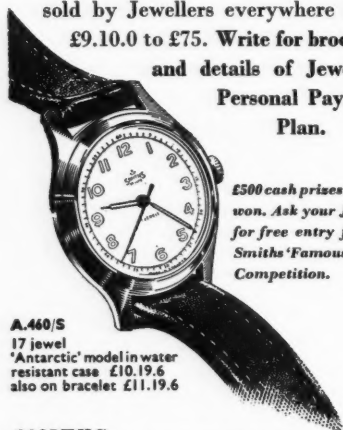
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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Episodes of the Month

A SENSIBLE BUDGET

MR. HEATHCOAT AMORY has introduced a Budget which is based upon a firm decision to be undecided. He cannot be sure how the economic weather will turn out during the next year, so he has done his best to guard against all eventualities. His proposals are neither inflationary nor deflationary, and as such they deserve the solid respect with which, on the whole, they have been greeted.

The Opposition has, of course, reacted with characteristic silliness. Labour M.P.s divided against the resolution to charge a flat rate of 10 per cent. on company profits, thereby ending the discrimination against distributed profits, as recommended by the Royal Commission on Taxation. Mr. Gaitskell was reduced to saying that if this amalgamation had been combined with a capital gains tax "we might have taken a slightly different attitude." In fact, the Labour Party still suffers from its traditional attitude towards profits—that they are wicked and bad. It is indeed mysterious that a party which continues to be dominated by such out-of-date ideas can at the same time masquerade as the party of industrial expansion. The *New Statesman* has condemned "the irrelevance of Mr. Amory," but a substantial majority of the country condemns the irrelevance of Socialism. This is why, despite the Government's unpopularity (partly deserved, partly undeserved), and despite "Liberal" sabotage (of which more anon), the Labour Party has so signally failed to win the support of floating voters.

If the Chancellor had allowed himself to be swept away by the expansionists at this stage he might all too easily have fallen into the same trap as Mr. Butler in 1955. Mr.

Gaitskell argues that wages cannot be kept in step with productivity unless production is stimulated; but if the process of stimulation involves a sterling crisis, as in present circumstances could reasonably be expected, the last case of the wage-earner is likely to be very much worse than the first. Here again the Socialists are out of date. They are advocating in the 1950s the Keynesian methods which were designed for the very different conditions of the 1930s.

In one respect Mr. Amory was seriously disappointing. While announcing some very welcome reforms in the purchase tax system, he set his face against the substitution for this of a general sales tax "at a low rate over a much wider range of expenditure." He admitted that he had always been attracted by the idea of such a tax, but concluded that he could "see little prospect—at any rate in the foreseeable future—of changing over to a retail sales tax." The reasons which he gave were by no means adequate and reflected all too clearly the congenital allergy of his Department to the undertaking of radical reform. No doubt it would be difficult to work out a system for taxing the £3,800 million which are spent annually on services (travel, insurance, fuel, school fees, etc.). No doubt it would also be difficult, and politically hazardous, to tax the £4,500 million which are spent on food. But the task must one day be attempted if we are to achieve a fiscal structure which will give the maximum encouragement to earning and saving. The Chancellor has shown that he is not afraid of the Opposition; he has yet to prove that he is equally immune to the pressure of Treasury bureaucrats.

The latest Bow Group pamphlet, by the

way, is devoted to the subject of taxation and is full of good ideas. Mr. Amory would be wise to pay more attention to these than to what some of the pundits tell him at Great George Street.

Holding Wages

THE test of the Government's policy following last September's measures has been a long time coming—a good deal longer than most people believed possible. The fact that the unions have done everything in their power to avoid militant strike action, in many cases against the wishes of their rank and file, is a tribute to the good sense of their leaders and to the economic climate which the Government has managed to create. Even now, as we go to press, it seems that the railway and transport unions are trying hard to avoid the threatened strikes. Unfortunately the wages front has not been held absolutely firm; the Chancellor referred in his Budget speech to private agreements made within one or two industries, which have the same effect as major wage agreements. The Government, for its part, must not give way.

Of the two big disputes, that which concerns the London busmen is the easier to appraise. We commented on it in these columns two months ago, and what we said then still stands. There can be no justification for "leap-frogging," and if the point is explained to the people of London there should be little sympathy for the bus drivers. The rail dispute, however, is in a different category. There is no doubt that railway wages have failed to keep pace with other wages since the end of the war, and this makes the railwaymen's claim, considered *in vacuo*, a genuinely strong one. It must be remembered, however, that at every major award to the railway workers since the war there has been a promise that they would try to cut out restrictive practices and improve efficiency—promises which led to virtually nothing. The Transport Commission also, knowing that money for higher wages would be forthcoming on request from the Government, has done little to tighten up its organization. One good effect of the present dispute may therefore be to enforce greater efficiency on the railways. The Government is obviously not opposed to higher wages for the railwaymen, provided British Railways can find the extra money by economies, which will certainly involve the closing of branch lines and the creation of some redundancy.

Rent Wobble

MINISTERS have lost their nerve on the Rent Act. It is hard to see what useful purpose the latest concession can serve. The number of eviction cases affected by it will be very small. It should have been foreseen that the Opposition would take the fullest advantage of such bad luck cases as there might be, but since eviction is an inseparable part of the principle of the Act the Government should have been prepared to ignore the rumpus, confident that it would be temporary. If the motive behind the decision to climb down was that Tory setbacks at the polls might be averted, the calculation has been sadly mistaken. In the L.C.C. elections the voters showed no appreciation of the Government's kind-heartedness. Nor is this surprising; what the country wants is firm, intelligent and honest Government—not a policy of shifts and compromises.

The "Liberal" Revival

THE best index of public disgruntlement has been the success at by-elections of candidates wearing the Liberal colours. When we said that Rochdale might prove to be the high-water-mark in the so-called Liberal revival we did not anticipate the depths to which a "Liberal" candidate would sink in order to snatch votes from the Tories. Carmarthen was bad enough; but at least it could be said that the jingoism which the Liberal candidate there supported was in line with Liberal Party tradition, if not with the views of the present Liberal leadership. After all, Gladstone provided a dress rehearsal for Sir Anthony Eden in his bombardment of Alexandria in 1882. But the Liberals have always been thought to stand uncompromisingly for Free Trade. The spectacle, therefore, of Asquith's grandson denouncing the Tories in Devonshire for reducing the level of farm subsidies was enough to turn the strongest stomach. Lady Violet Bonham Carter's filial piety is well known; it has overshadowed her political judgment. But though her parental piety is no less strong, it is astonishing that she should have taken part in a campaign in which Liberal economic principles were trampled underfoot. The only excuse offered is that, while tariffs are protection, support prices are not; but this is the most absurd and transparent casuistry. The Liberal Party is prostituting itself in the attempt to win seats and damage its traditional enemy; but the British voter, who is a shrewd judge of hypo-

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

crites, will soon grow wise to these base tactics. A prostitute may not be admirable, but she is at least tolerable, so long as she makes no bones about being a prostitute. When she poses as a vestal virgin she becomes utterly insufferable.

Adenauer's Gracious Words

DURING his latest visit to this country, which has been hailed as a great success, Dr. Adenauer attended a luncheon given in his honour by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House. So pleased was the Federal German Chancellor with the progress achieved in discussion with Mr. Macmillan and his colleagues that he discarded the speech which he was to have made, and uttered instead some words which we must presume to have been more cordial and friendly than those contained in his original draft. In the new version he stated that, as between Britain and Germany, there had been mistakes on both sides in the past, but he thought that the balance sheet was "about even." So far as we can gather this masterpiece of gracious insolence was received with equanimity by his audience.

We share the Government's desire to maintain a good working relationship with Western Germany, and to foster friendship in the place of enmity. Our line is not that of Lord Beaverbrook, or of the late Lord Vansittart. But there are limits to what can be borne in the name of diplomacy and reconciliation. It is right that we should deal with the Germans on the level as regards the present and future; but they cannot expect us to accept equality with them as regards the past. By claiming such equality—an equality of "mistakes"—Dr. Adenauer was no doubt pandering very skilfully to his own public opinion; the Germans are not much troubled by a sense of guilt or shame, and the fact that their head of government was able to speak as he did in the heart of London will help to confirm them in the view that their behaviour, if indeed it was blameworthy at all, was no worse than that of others.

Our own record is by no means flawless; there have been many mistakes and crimes in our history, of which the most recent was the Suez adventure. But nothing that we have done, even in our rougher moments, has been remotely comparable in bestiality with the Germans' collective acts during the Hitler period.

France in Travail

OUR closest European ally is in trouble again. Indeed, there can be no solution to the French crisis (which is a *crise du régime* as well as a *crise du gouvernement*) until the Algerian war is brought to an end through negotiation. A majority of the Assembly is probably now opposed to the war, but among the non-Communist deputies a majority still supports it. This is the fatal dilemma from which there seems at the moment to be no escape.

Either a "popular front" government including, but not dominated by, the Communists, or—better still—a De Gaulle-Mendès-France government, would meet the case. But the egregious M. Mollet and his Socialists stand in the way of any useful combination. A new coalition under a Right-wing Premier might at least resume private negotiations with President Bourguiba on the lines of the Murphy-Beeley plan; but with the Assembly in its present chauvinistic mood even this is doubtful.

Storm Signals in Africa

IN the Union of South Africa the Nationalists won their election with an increased majority of seats. Their numerical support among white South Africans is probably still less than that of the United Party, when the incalculable factor of uncontested seats is taken into account. But for practical purposes the Nationalists have the whip hand.

Further north the influence of South African policy is becoming ever more marked. Sir Edgar Whitehead, who recently succeeded Mr. Garfield Todd as Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, was defeated in a by-election by a Dominion Party candidate. As a result of this a general election is now impending. When it is remembered that Sir Edgar succeeded Mr. Todd largely on the assumption that he was less liberal than that well-meaning paternalist, and considering the views of the Dominion Party (compared with which Mr. Todd's are indeed liberal), we have little cause to feel optimistic about the future of the Central African Federation.

In Kenya the inevitable harvest of folly is now being reaped. It should have been foreseen by anyone with a normal knowledge of history and politics that the Lennox-Boyd Constitution would be a failure; that far from dividing the Africans (as some Europeans idly and unworthily hoped) it would unite them in hostility to the Govern-

ment; and that in particular the device of "selective seats" (for which Africans would be chosen by the European-dominated "Legco," acting as an electoral college) would be bitterly resented by the Africans. The present crisis is, in fact, directly attributable to the Colonial Secretary's tragic and uncharacteristic blunder of imposing a Constitution without African consent. The question now is: Will he be big enough to admit his mistake and negotiate a new political set-up before it is too late? Upon the answer to this question will depend the fate of white settlement in East Africa.

In making up his mind, Mr. Lennox-Boyd will be well advised to ignore the views of the white settlers themselves. Their fitness to decide major issues of policy is about equal to that of a minor English county council, and if they were left to handle the crisis on their own, immediate and total disaster would overtake them. They must therefore be protected against their own short-sightedness, and though they would now curse the British Minister who deprived them of their racial prerogatives, they and their children would live to bless him, because only by bringing white supremacy to an end can there be any hope of preserving the economic rights of Europeans. It must be added firmly that the Government and Parliament of the United Kingdom have a perfect right to adjudicate in this matter, since the Europeans in Kenya would not have survived the Mau Mau emergency without large-scale assistance from this country in money and manpower.

Sunrise in the Caribbean

THE most hopeful model for the future of Kenya is to be found in the West Indies, where the Europeans have surrendered political control without losing their legitimate economic interests. As we write, Princess Margaret is in the West Indies representing the Queen at ceremonies to mark the birth of the new Federation. If her visit is as successful as the previous one she will return with a sense of valuable work done on a great and exciting occasion.

Universities

OUR articles this month are devoted to one theme—the universities of this country. In addition, Dr. Panikkar has contributed a piece on British universities in India, and

Denys Smith has written about the American university concept. As usual when we publish such a series, there is no "line" common to all the contributors; they are writing as individuals and their views may at times conflict. It is hoped, however, that the series as a whole will throw some light upon the present state of our higher education.

Iris Murdoch has written pugnaciously about "the equal woman"; but we are rather surprised to note that she has not extended her principle of sex equality to the Oxford collegiate system which she knows so well. Apart from sheer prejudice and vested interest, it is hard to see any good reason why women should not be admitted to *all* Oxford and Cambridge colleges; why these should not, in fact, become mixed colleges. The present division of the undergraduate population of these ancient universities into a secular counterpart of monasteries and nunneries is quite unwarrantable. And the system operates very much to the disadvantage of women, since their colleges are fewer, less attractive and less central than the men's.

NEXT MONTH

An up-to-date analysis of
the Nonconformist
conscience
by Christopher Driver

"Shades of Black" – a discussion of various forms of
African nationalism
by Anthony Sampson

And – without fail this time –
Dossier on Hugh Gaitskell

REDBRICK AND OLD LACE

By PROFESSOR ASA BRIGGS

"UNIVERSITY education," wrote Sir Richard Livingstone in 1948, "has grown up in the casual English way. It has never been viewed, much less planned as a whole. A cynic might give a book on the subject the title of *Drift*." (*Some Thoughts on University Education* (1948), p. 13.) So much has happened in the ten years since 1948, and so much more is going to happen (much of it already planned) in the next ten years, that there is need for a thorough re-examination of the role of the universities in modern British society. There are statistics galore, many of them conjectural, to reinforce every point of view about desirable developments. And the number of points of view, although not the number of original points of view, is increasing *pari passu* with the number of students. To the pressures of demography ("the bulge") are being added the weighty contentions of spokesmen in an increasingly public debate about "trends" and "counter-trends." The debate is already being conducted at many different levels. It raises social as well as intellectual or academic issues, and it has inspired or provoked revolutionary as well as reformist proposals. For all the statistics and the talk, however, there is still the danger of drift. It is just as easy—in some ways easier—to drift into "expansion" as it is to drift into routine. The debate is public, but the decisions are usually private, and their consequences are always extremely difficult to evaluate.

* * *

There are three features of the existing English university system (Scotland has special features of its own) which must be taken into account at the beginning of any controversy.

First, entrance into English universities is selective. The processes of selection vary so much not only from university to university but from college to college (in Oxford and Cambridge) and from department to department (in the provincial universities) that it is impossible to point to any general rules. Some unperturbed defenders of the *status quo* discern the working of an invisible hand in the annual round of applications for entrance: others are shocked by what they regard as anarchy. Taken as a whole, however, the "system"—unlike that of the United States

with which it is often compared—is universally dependent on limited entry. The number of university students in England per thousand of the total population is consequently far lower than it is in the United States, Russia, Canada and Australia.

Second, Oxford and Cambridge are still in a special position to attract the "best" students, and most headmasters, even of the smallest schools, regard success in Oxford and Cambridge college scholarship examinations as the blue ribbon of their profession. The same pressures apply in the case of postgraduate students, and in some ways have been reinforced since 1945. Many foreign postgraduate students still go to Oxford and Cambridge automatically, although some provincial schools of science and technology, and London University with its own special advantages, turn monopoly into oligopoly.

Third, English universities reflect the same social divisions as English schools. Oxford and Cambridge recruit many of their undergraduates from grammar schools and draw on all sections of the population in the process (unequally from college to college), but the provincial universities, particularly in their arts departments, attract very few students from the public schools and rely far more heavily on "working-class recruitment." Few parents send their sons to Redbrick for social reasons—this may be Redbrick's gain—although they may be a little less choosy about their daughters.

* * *

These three features of the English university "system" lend themselves more easily to polemic than to constructive criticism. They were all discussed with admirable lucidity in Bruce Truscott's *Red Brick University*, but they bear discussing again and again.

Restricted selection was sharply criticized in a recent article in the *Economist* with the engaging title "Not Don's Delight." The author implied that restricted selection was another of those misguided restrictive practices which are handicapping Britain's efforts to adapt itself to the 20th-century world. It claimed without evidence that universities had recently raised standards with a view to keeping students out of universities. In fact, some of them have experimented during the post-war

period with interesting (but far from completely satisfactory) "general" courses designed for non-specialists who care little for the higher civil service or the higher academic life. The article went on to urge that the new building plan for the next six years should be used as a "battering ram to break the dons' defences" and let large numbers of new students in. Much of the new building plan, however, is needed to raise appallingly low standards of housing, internal improvement, and equipment. There are still board-school appendages to most of the provincial universities, and welfare-state students, far from being pampered minions of the community, are unable to live and work as decently as they have a right to expect. The dons' defences are not constructed because of timidity or exclusiveness, but because they are genuinely afraid that a university will cease to be a university if it has inadequate library facilities, more students than the professors and lecturers can get to know, seriously diminished opportunities for research, and a lack of balance between different faculties. The American model is a deceptively dangerous one to hold up for imitation. It fits the requirements of American society in some way or other—many Americans believe quite imperfectly—but it can be no more copied in this country than can the American Presidential system without a drastic remoulding of every bit and piece of English society—home, school, business, government. The case for an increase in student numbers, based on the logic of "bulge" and "trend," should not be confused with the case for unlimited entry. The number of university students will increase considerably during the next ten years, but it should not be thought outside the universities that this inevitable expansion can be carried out without considerable strain. It is easy to translate the word "strain" as "challenge"—this is a familiar translation in the 20th century—but without a marked improvement in the real resources of universities (buildings, teachers, secretarial staff, books, etc.), experiments in the curriculum or the varieties of degree offered will mean very little indeed. The conundrum "When is a university not a university?", which is well known to all American educationists but has so far been less frequently posed in England, will be on everyone's lips.

* * *

The special place of Oxford and Cambridge in what is still too often thought of as a hierarchy of learning is easy to criticize but

difficult to shift. Short of direction of labour, which not even the most revolutionary critics suggest, Oxford and Cambridge will continue to attract an educational *élite*. The best way for the provincial universities to meet this situation—in my view—is not for them to try to imitate Oxford and Cambridge but to emphasize their own distinctive advantages. They already do this to a considerable degree, but there is ignorance among parents and headmasters about what they are doing. An all-out reconstruction of the curriculum, as at Keele, rightly attracts a considerable amount of public attention: changes in the internal curricula of individual departments in provincial universities receive far less attention. The greatest advantage of Redbrick is the possibility of easy and flexible experiments. What takes ten years to accomplish at Oxford and Cambridge, if it is accomplished at all, can be carried out at Redbrick with speed and efficiency. There are other parallel advantages too. Young members of staff are less burdened than young teaching fellows of Oxford and Cambridge colleges, and social pressures are less intense. Contact with the non-university world is easier. For students there are positive advantages in being considered as students not as "undergraduates," and at some provincial universities at least some of the social facilities provided in recent years are greatly superior to any provided at Oxford and Cambridge.

The public image of "Redbrick" needs to be changed—in the same way, though not by the same means, that American manipulators have changed the image of prunes—without the valid historic traditions which already exist being destroyed. The civic links of the provincial universities and, equally important to their expansion, the local business links are rightly matters of continued pride. But, as Truscott pointed out, "the chief business of a university is not, and never can be, the service of a region—still less the creation of numerous contacts, whether social or educational, with a region." Already the catchment areas for recruitment to the provincial universities are geographically distinct from their "diocesan" areas of influence, and the distinction should be sharpened not narrowed. The worst handicaps to development are no longer academic inbreeding or regional narrowness, but the inferiority complex of some, though I believe a small minority, of their teachers, and the time-lag in knowledge and opinion outside the universities and in Oxford and Cambridge. For all the moves from Oxford and Cambridge to provincial

REDBRICK AND OLD LACE

universities—graduates and young post-graduates make up the main body of the travellers—there is still an astounding ignorance in the old universities about the habits, routines and organization of the new. There is an ignorance too among headmasters who attended the old universities, and some strange out-of-date views and prejudices, which would do justice to the most crusted Oxford don of fifty years ago.

Two other changes would be helpful—greater differentiation among the provincial universities themselves and greater academic mobility between them. The Redbrick image in some respects has been an “anti” image. So strong was the historic position of Oxford and Cambridge that union against them was strength. There is already diversity in the provincial universities—in their situations, their buildings, their curricula, their internal politics. Most applicants for entrance, and presumably their headmasters, teachers and parents in the background, are ignorant of the extent of this diversity. The more that Leeds, Bristol, Nottingham or Southampton stand for separate and distinctive things, the better. The subtle and not so subtle differences between Oxford and Cambridge continue to fascinate journalists, novelists and even poets. When the differences between Leeds and Manchester, or Nottingham and Leicester, inspire a fraction of that imaginative impact, there will be no need to worry about slogans like “parity of esteem.”

Greater academic mobility is needed. The near-uniformity of salaries in different universities tends to root established lecturers to the university where they started. There is relatively little movement except to the professorial level. The need for greater movement between the Commonwealth universities is fully recognized at the present time, although little is done about it, but mobility inside this country receives far less attention. It would be a stimulating experience for all

universities if there could be short-term and temporary exchanges of those members of staff who wished to see what other provincial universities were like and to make some contribution to their life.

* * *

The third feature of English universities, that they reflect the same social divisions as English schools, is difficult to change unless there are far-reaching changes in the school educational pattern. Science is a greater leveller than the arts, however, and technology even more so. There would, I believe, be one dangerous road to follow towards “assimilation,” and it is a road which is already signposted. There is a danger that some of the halls of residence, which are urgently needed because of a shortage of satisfactory local accommodation, will try too much to ape Oxford and Cambridge colleges, and seek to create deliberately “civilizing influences” which cannot be communicated in this way. Good intentions are often more dangerous than *laissez-faire* in the world of social values, and there are some sensitive people in the provincial universities—a minority perhaps—who believe that the universities should stress the freedom of students to study and to live their own lives rather than their “need” to imbibe an “atmosphere.” A further tendency to move the centre of life of the provincial universities from the city to the “rurban” territory at the periphery is understandable but not without dangers. There are compensations among the smoke, and the universities could serve a unique local purpose of raising the quality of urban life and (the U.G.C. willing) of urban architecture. It was after all Newman, who can hardly be called the prophet of Redbrick, who argued that universities, merely by existing, should not only raise the intellectual tone of society but purify public taste.

ASA BRIGGS.

SHERRY, MILD, AND COFFEE

By KINGSLEY AMIS

THE social distinction between Oxford and Cambridge on the one hand and the remainder of British universities on the other is probably decreasing, but more slowly and partially than is often believed. In such matters, feelings lag behind facts, and figures

about the number of competitive places at King's, or the proportion of grammar-school girls at St. Hilda's, remain mere figures. They do not in any case negate the disturbing impression that Oxford and Cambridge, while ceasing to provide further training for

an obsolescent governing class, are now providing initial training for an emergent one. However that may be, the old divisions remain. It is true that a second gulf—separating universities in the major towns, like Manchester or Birmingham, from those in the smaller ones, like Exeter or Swansea—has been lately discernible, and that the average student takes little evident heed of such matters. But Redbrick lecturers, power-maniacs aside, dream more longingly of a fellowship than a provincial chair, and no Socialist alderman, whatever the depth of his egalitarianism or local feeling, would consider sending his offspring to the place down the road as long as a vacancy remains at King's or St. Hilda's. Such attitudes, discreditable as they may be, faithfully reflect the fact that, outside the applied sciences at any rate, the opportunity and especially the prestige attach themselves to the Oxford and Cambridge posts, that the more intelligent and more socially desirable (richer) boy and girl will turn up there, and that their future, whether vocational or marital, is appreciably brighter on graduation. I myself believe that education, as such, is very far indeed from being a monopoly of our older universities, but that is not in question.

The belief that the provincial student is socially underprivileged has, at first sight, much to support it. Far too often his college career is oppressively non-collegiate: he may be living at home or in lodgings throughout; he may turn up at a place called a hall of residence but constructed and managed rather on Y.M.C.A. lines; he may even find his entertaining limited to passing round smuggled flagons of beer in his bed-sitter; he probably has no standing in the town beyond being suspected of yearly misbehaviour during Rag Week. Nobody is ever going to invite him round for sherry or take him along to an eccentric red don's tea-party or elect him to an exclusive college society or ask him to stage-manage a visit from Mr. T. S. Eliot. He would not regard these deprivations as paramount, and I doubt if he ever heaves a sigh for oak beams and portraits of men in ruffs (instead of in wing collars), but he is bound to experience intermittent difficulty in remembering that he is at a university, and not at a kind of seventh form at school or a training unit for the production of teachers and industrial scientists. It is greatly to his credit that in so many cases he overcomes these difficulties, and that the common picture of the Redbrick student as an incurious, note-scribbling philistine, stained with ink or

chemicals and only stopping thinking about his future job in order to get bawlingly drunk at the going-down dance, is by and large an inaccurate one. What will help it to remain inaccurate, incidentally, is a refusal on the part of college authorities to agree to "modernize"—i.e. denature and dehumanize—academic life "in accordance with the needs of society." The notion that learning is an end in itself must be reinforced, not "modified."

But this, again, is another question. My respect for, and confidence in, many students is accompanied by disquiet about others. That free discussion, that mutual discovery which is the essence of collegiate existence can be just as well conducted over tea in an unbeautiful refectory or pints of mild in the local as over sherry among the Sheraton, and it is often so conducted. Here and there, however, what such activities represent is regarded with indifference or even hostility. Candidates for posts on the Students' Representative Councils are sometimes hard to find; literary magazines have died for lack of contributions; debates and society meetings are likely to be thinly attended. Far worse than this, some who do attend go there only to stamp and jeer, allowing only the emptiest frivolity a hearing. In one college, I hear, a recent notice calling for signatures in support of an H-bomb petition was scrawled over with abuse and obscenities to the point where it could no longer be read. This is especially disturbing when taken in conjunction with certain reports of student hooliganism. The finale of the Inter-Collegiate Eisteddfod at Cardiff a couple of months ago was reduced to uproar by a yelling, rattle-twirling, bugle-blowing, water-pistolling mob that was there to break up the show, not merely to vent "high spirits." A demonstration against authority is one thing, but these were students demonstrating against students. And it is not that the malcontents have something of their own, something anti-establishment because lively, to offer instead. It is not jazz and science fiction against *The Messiah* and Proust; it is nothing versus all four. All this has the aspect of a national problem, one which I must admit I feel pretty blank about.

In a university context, a new approach to staff-student relations may be curative and is in any case intrinsically desirable. Hampered by a system built perforce around the lecture and the seminar rather than around the tutorial arrangement, much existing thought on this subject is on a deplorably mechanical level. The provincial don is lucky if he escapes being encouraged to regard himself as a little beacon

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of culture, shedding enlightening rays of Einstein, Darwin and Freud into the arts student's mind, enabling the electrical engineer to glimpse the existence of Shakespeare. The lectures and discussion groups designed to provide such amenities are melancholy affairs, useless in breaking down barriers between teacher and taught, and positively harmful in their implication that Einstein and Shakespeare can be known about without having to be studied. Contact via student societies looks more promising, but their autonomy can easily be impaired in this way, whether by a well-meaning professor taking the chair at a discussion, or by the keep-them-in-their-place school who would like a staff watchdog on every student committee. What best bridges the gap at the moment are things like the departmental dinner, an important feature of Redbrick life, at which formality has departed for ever by half-past eight, and even the chance pub encounter, prolonged as it has been known to be by the drinking of bottled beer at somebody's fireside, can be very rewarding. When it comes to culture, students resent a member of staff who has a palpable design on them, and although I have seen some horrible sights where a lecturer is fancying himself as one of the boys, the non-institutionalized approach is the only valuable one. It needs to be given more elbow-room, but even as things are sherry has nothing on mild as a social lubricant.

What do provincial dons do when not in some way concerned with students or distant in their scholarly web? Their sherry-substitute is not mild but coffee. The lecturer and his wife can drink it, should they be so minded, at meetings of staff clubs, where, if I may say so, absolute alcohol might strike some as a far from excessive ice-breaker. Non-inebriative cups also get produced, along with sandwiches and cake, at many a cosy little 9 p.m. get-together in the better houses within easy reach of college, where the conversation will take in the reception of old Fogworthy's book on the Restoration stage, that funny business over the Bruddersford chair of geography, whether this year's pass people are perceptibly or imperceptibly worse than last year's, and how wonderful it will be when there are even more students in the place than there are now. All this will be enlivened with less weighty topics—the inefficiency of tradesmen, the badness of local schools, (on a lucky evening) the new Graham Greene—that attach themselves to the generic middle-class social occasion. With no High Table, no Common Room in

the full sense, to serve as unifying and up-grading influences, those of Redbrick are often no more than provincials of professional standing, no more (if no less) concerned with intellectual matters than the doctors, solicitors and business men with whom they mix and whom they in so many cases resemble. When the Bookmen meet, when the Film Society shows a Japanese film and natters about it afterwards, when *The Lady's Not For Burning* is being read and casted, it is hard to recognize any distinctively academic contribution. It still surprises me that so little attempt is made to reproduce in miniature the Oxford or Cambridge from which the majority of us come. The world symbolized by sherry may be an inadequate one, but it has an edge over coffee, cake, and the reception of old Fogworthy's book.

The picture I have been drawing does, of course, leave out a good deal. If it appears to carry a certain undertone of satire, this can probably be put down to the fact that I still have some illusions left, and cannot quite prevent myself from expecting men of learning to be liberal, humane, sensitive and addicted to serious, disinterested inquiry. Such men, in my experience, can be found at our newer equally with our older universities, just as their opposites can; and here I enter in mitigation of the coffee-drinkers' shortcomings, that the more speculative side of their talk is to be distinguished from (say) its North Oxford counterpart mainly by time-lag. But it remains true that the provincial colleges—I hope only the provincial colleges—are being infiltrated by a relatively new kind of person, the academic empire-builder. Socially and personally his barbarities are such as to make the traditional coffee-session look like a festival of tact and grace; down at college he is a firm adherent of "modernization," which means in practice an enrolment policy of let-'em-all-come—the more entries, the bigger the empire—and an examination policy of selling academic standards down the river. Students are to be moulded the way they should go—and here comes my chance to point out that, if an undue number of the lads are seen to be falling into philistinism or brutishness, then we must look first of all at how they are regarded and treated by their mentors. But I shall be led outside my brief, and perhaps into shouting and screaming, if I give full treatment here to the advent of the New Men in the university. I look forward to dealing with them in another place and at very great length.

KINGSLEY AMIS.

HOW ARE THEY PAID FOR?

By R. A. RAINFORD

FACTUAL enquiries concerning university finance are usually directed towards ascertaining (a) the overall cost of maintaining the universities; (b) the sources of the money spent; and (c) the financing of the large capital projects inevitably forced upon them by the period of continuous and increasing expansion which they have experienced since the Second World War.

It is in an endeavour to answer these enquiries that this article has been written.

(a) Annual Expenditure

The following table shows the total expenditure, divided under five headings, in British universities in the year 1955-56, which is the latest year for which complete figures are at present available.

BRITISH UNIVERSITIES		
<i>Expenditure 1955-56</i>		
	£	Percentage
Administration . . .	2,653,099	7.0
Departmental		
Maintenance . . .	26,292,195	69.1
Maintenance of Premises	4,676,688	12.3
Other Items . . .	3,982,811	10.5
Capital Expenditure met from Income . . .	433,477	1.1
	<u>£38,038,270</u>	<u>100</u>

From the point of view of a university's Financial Officer a university's main task is to allocate its limited income with supreme care on the things which matter educationally, such as teaching and research salaries, and the provision of departmental equipment and libraries for the use of staff and students. This type of expenditure is included under the heading "Departmental Maintenance" in the table above and accounts for 69.1 per cent. of the total.

In 1938-39 this type of expenditure was only 65.3 per cent. of the total, so that universities may claim that with their increased size they have been able to keep their main objective well in sight and allocate a greater proportion of their expenditure to that part of the work which justifies their existence.

The next highest charge is for maintenance of premises, and this includes rates, insurance,

repairs and maintenance of buildings, cleaning and portering expenses. Unfortunately this expenditure is highest in the universities where the buildings are old and in some cases not entirely suitable by present-day standards, even though their exteriors may be beautiful.

Included in the section "Other Items" (which totals nearly £4,000,000) is the cost of research financed by outside bodies and for which there is corresponding income shown in the income tables which appear later. Although this is a large figure, it is almost negligible when compared with the "sponsored" research programmes undertaken by some American universities. The relative merits and demerits of large-scale "sponsored" research are, however, a subject of much contention even in America and this is not perhaps the place in which to canvass them. Suffice it to say that developmental research has not yet found any substantial place in British universities. The opinion has continued to prevail that once a university has engendered an idea its development and exploitation are best left to a specialized agency—whether private or public, whether industrial or by a body such as the National Research Development Corporation.

(b) Annual Income

The following table sets out the sources of income of the universities for 1955-56 under six main headings:

BRITISH UNIVERSITIES		
<i>Income 1955-56</i>		
	£	Percentage
Endowments . . .	1,531,802	4.0
Donations and Subscriptions . . .	394,411	1.0
Grants from Local Authorities . . .	1,085,902	2.9
Government Grants . . .	26,986,519	70.4
Tuition Fees, etc. . .	4,269,652	11.2
Other Income, including payments for research . . .	4,048,365	10.5
	<u>£38,316,651</u>	<u>100</u>

Income from endowments represents interest on moneys given by friends of the universities, either by gifts *inter vivo* or by bequest.

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The investments themselves have been built up over many years—in the case of the older universities, over centuries. Such funds were formerly the very life-blood of the universities, but they now account for only 4 per cent. of their total income, though in 1938–39 they represented 18 per cent. of university revenue.

Taxation has drastically reduced the ability of universities to attract the support which they were able to obtain in the past and inflation has reduced the value of the old endowments.

It should not be assumed from the above remarks that benefactions for income purposes have ceased, but in the figures under this heading are only the amounts which can be used for the general purposes of the universities, and they do not include the sums given for scholarships, fellowships and special purposes.

Tuition fees account for 11·2 per cent. of the total income and in the main individual fees have been increased very little since the war. Most universities have nevertheless subjected their fees to review recently—thus tending to put on the backs of the authorities which give financial aid to students some of the financial burden which might otherwise be charged to the University Grants Committee. The principal sources of student aid are, of course, the Ministry of Education and the Local Education Authorities.

How, then, have the universities obtained their money? The answer is to be found under the heading "Government Grants," and without these greatly increased grants it is difficult to see how the universities would have been able to meet their present obligations and provide the increased services which have been demanded of them since the war.

In 1955–56 Government grants accounted for 70·4 per cent. of the total income as against 35·8 per cent. of the 1938–39 income.

In other words, the cost of expansion and inflation has mostly been met by State aid, and while this has been greatly appreciated by the universities, it has brought with it some apprehension as to the future of academic freedom.

It has always been the boast of this country that our universities are free institutions and most people are deeply concerned that there should be no attempt by the State to extend its powers over them. Since the war successive Governments, of varying political beliefs, have provided funds to the universities on ever-increasing scales and have not sought to extend their control. The administration of

the funds provided by the Treasury is undertaken by the University Grants Committee, which is charged, amongst other things, with enquiring into the financial needs of the universities advising the Government as to the application of any grants made by Parliament and assisting in consultation with the universities and other bodies concerned in the preparation and execution of such plans for the development of the universities as may from time to time be required in order to ensure that they are fully adequate for national needs.

What is more important than the terms of reference mentioned above is the manner in which the University Grants Committee has carried out its work and its care to ensure that the universities have almost complete freedom to run their own affairs.

Dr. Harold W. Dodds, President of Princeton University, when writing on Government assistance to universities in Great Britain, commented as follows:

It is true that British universities, despite their growing financial dependence on the State, have been left gratifyingly free in the administration of their internal affairs. The tradition of academic freedom, which is stronger in Great Britain than in any other country of the world, is a potent protection against interference by an outside agency.

He summarized the relationship between the Government, the University Grants Committee and the universities as a characteristic British device and added: "Like the British Constitution it is not exportable."

It has been said that the tremendous drop in the proportion of the university funds received from private benefactors may be traced to our system of taxation. Donations to universities have in the main to be made from the taxed income of the donor and even if given under "deed of covenant" do not qualify for surtax relief.

Private American universities are proud of the sums which they receive as "endowments" or as "annual giving" from their alumni, and just as I have quoted Dr. Dodds regarding the University Grants Committee, I may cite the University of Princeton, over which he ruled for many years, and which last year collected over 1½ million dollars "Annual giving" towards the expenses of the university.

The secret of American philanthropy in relation to universities lies, of course, in the intense loyalty of Americans to the institutions in which they were educated. But that philanthropy is encouraged and sustained by a system of taxation which offers valuable

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reliefs to the donor. In America up to 30 per cent. of a person's income may be given away to charities (including universities) and is allowable in full as an expense against the taxable income. The net effect of this is not how much does the person give away, but to whom shall he give it—a situation which the universities are not slow to exploit.

Thus in Great Britain the Government taxes individuals in full and out of this taxation supports the universities through the University Grants Committee, whereas in America the individual is granted relief on a large portion of his income provided that he gives it away.

It can be argued that the private American universities receive as much aid from taxation as do the British universities, but that the choice of "how much" and "to whom" is made by the Government in this country, by the individual in America.

Lest anybody should think that the Treasury grant to universities is high, it should be pointed out that it was just over 0.5 per cent. of the Government expenditure in the year under review.

(c) Capital Expenditure

In 1938-39 the number of full-time university students was 50,002, but by the autumn of 1957 this figure had increased to 94,600—an addition of 89.2 per cent. The increase, however, cannot be viewed solely as a percentage of the old figure, for a large proportion of the increase was accounted for by Science students who make greater demands of accommodation and equipment than do Arts students. This, alongside the growth of large post-graduate schools, has raised grave building problems for the universities.

Before the War universities had to rely almost wholly on private benefactors for their buildings, but in February 1945, Sir John Anderson, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, stated in the House of Commons:

As regards expenditure for capital purposes, the needs of the universities have in the past been met for the most part by private benefactors. I am advised by the University Grants Committee and the universities that this source of support cannot be expected to meet the needs of the universities for capital developments in

the years following the war, and that if the building programmes of the universities are to be carried out, a large share of the cost will have to met from the Exchequer.

Succeeding Chancellors of the Exchequer have continued to implement the new principle laid down by Sir John Anderson, and it should be noted that in the year 1955-56 (i.e. the year of the expenditure and income tables shown earlier), a sum of £7,082,546 was given to the universities, through the University Grants Committee, for buildings and equipment.

Naturally the sums granted by the Exchequer have not been sufficient to meet the needs of the universities in full and they in turn have made great endeavours to obtain money from private sources in order to supplement the State grants.

In these endeavours, in addition to public spirited individuals, industry has taken a real interest and nearly every university has made successful public appeals for funds, to which there has been a gratifying response. To quote only two examples:

Oxford University and Colleges have appealed for £1,750,000 for the restoration of their buildings, and

Manchester University has received promises of £825,000 for Halls of Residence.

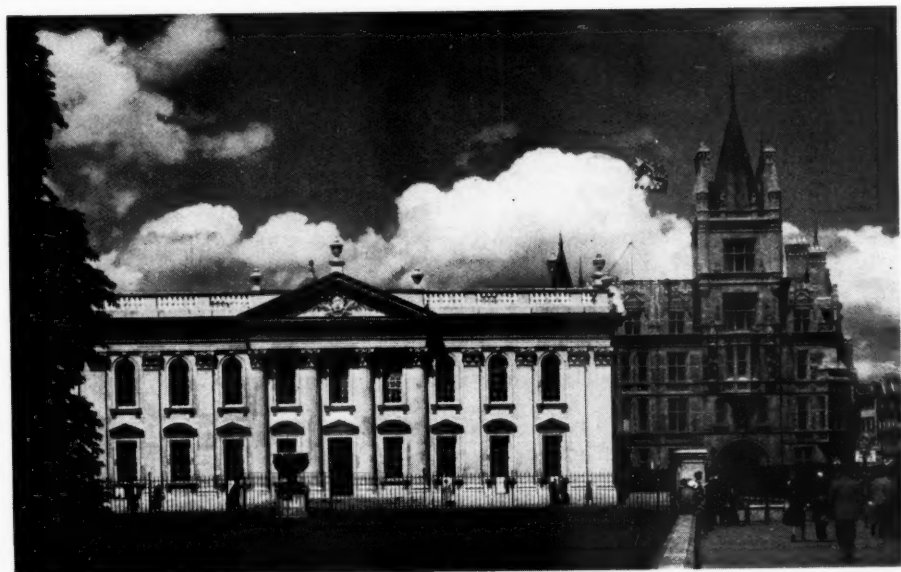
And that these efforts are representative gives some idea of the practical manner in which the needs of the universities have been recognized.

Industry has been generous in other ways and each university has had many gifts of machinery and equipment for particular departments. Engineering departments have probably benefited more than others.

Thus, when capital expenditure is considered, whether for buildings or equipment, the private benefactor, usually industrial or commercial still plays a substantial role. The burden upon the State may well increase, but the private donor still fills a significant role financially and he remains an even greater factor in the jealous fight for academic independence.

R. A. RAINFORD.

HOW ARE THEY PAID FOR?



THE EQUAL WOMAN

By IRIS MURDOCH

"LIBERTY, Equality, and Fraternity" is no longer a fashionable cry. This is partly because some people think (wrongly) that these great ends have been achieved, and partly because other people think (wrongly) that they are outdated and sinister. But fashionable or no, they are in my opinion highly important concepts: important in the way in which political concepts are important, as interpretative of present effort and as a constant reminder of an ideal. It is under this rubric that I want to look at some aspects of women's education.

In this matter, as in many others, we have much to congratulate ourselves about. It does no harm to remember how recent (how precious and perhaps precarious) is the respect for many human rights and needs which we take for granted, in our fortunate society, to-day. A hundred years ago "democracy" was an exotic ideal cherished by a progressive group. A hundred years ago a woman had no career open to her except to be a governess; a career which society saw to it that most women exercised their intelligence in avoiding.

If we look now at women's position in general, and women's higher education in particular, the change is gratifying. Women students leaving our universities have a considerable variety of possible jobs to choose from. Almost all the professions are open to them. My own students (with degrees in "Greats" and P.P.E.) become teachers, civil servants, statisticians, welfare workers, local authority officials; and there are plenty of other possibilities. They do not, I am glad to say, or only exceptionally, take dead-end posts as secretaries to important men. They set out, under reasonably good auspices, to become important women. Of course, there are still many things to complain about. Some professions, such as the Law, are virtually closed to women. Prejudice also denies women the higher posts in business, except for places where femininity constitutes a necessary expertise. Industrial firms, allegedly anxious to take graduates into their administrative side, have been shy of women graduates. Archaic rulings persist in the Stock Exchange and the Anglican Church. But one feels that where so much has been achieved what remains can in time be accomplished.

What I want to consider concerning the position of women lies at a deeper level and is separable from, and indeed relatively unaffected by, the struggle for recognition in the professions.

Discrimination against women is unfortunately not unknown in universities at the teaching level. At the undergraduate level (in my experience) it is comparatively rare. Men undergraduates may guard traditional privileges if they have any (membership of the Oxford Union, for example), but this does not stop them treating the women as their peers, as ordinary human beings, in short. Undergraduate society is in this respect (and in others) an exceptionally free and equal society. It is perhaps one of the most important things about a university that it gives young people a real taste of what freedom and equality are like. Such a society is, however, a small and artificial one; and the spectacle of its merits may lead one to ask again concerning the position of women in our society at large.

By comparison with Germany and the Latin countries, even with America, our tradition is liberal. Only the Scandinavian lands have a better record. We have no woman-in-the-kitchen mystique. Women are neither jealously secluded nor patronizingly idolized. Spinsters of whatever age are treated as ordinary people. Yet if we ask: are women generally considered by men to be, and do they consider themselves to be, the equals of men in England to-day? the answer must be no.

The sickness, for it is a sickness of our society, has many symptoms. Let us consider those which relate to education. In recent discussion about "wives who went to college" much was said in favour of the educated wife: when opportunity offered, she might take a job; meanwhile, she could improve the minds of her children and hold intellectual conversations with her husband. Less frequently mentioned was the view that any rational being, of either sex, has a right to education; the young person who wants a higher education, and is capable of profiting from it, should have it, and no further reasons need be offered. A very large number of those who have been to universities would have felt the deprivation of this privilege as an injustice, and rightly.

THE EQUAL WOMAN

Of course, many factors combine to make women's education a controversial matter. Society may point out (but happily does not enforce its view) that since (now) it so often pays the bill it can reasonably hope for definite services in return. And why train women who are likely to marry? The family may point out (and does enforce its view) that since a girl may not have to earn her living, a boy (who must) should have educational priority. These considerations have weight in a situation which is far from ideal; but this is not to deny that education is valuable as an end in itself and that properly it should as such be equally available to all. That a universal enjoyment of education with no ulterior purpose does in fact benefit society needs no emphasising.

The fact remains that many fewer women than men receive more than the rudiments of education. There are many reasons for this, of which one (family pressure) has been suggested above. At some universities fewer places are reserved for women than for men. However, I do not think that at the university stage there is a serious surplus of properly qualified young women seeking places. It is at an earlier stage that our potential students disappear. The difficulty (which some people will deny to be one) is that fewer women want education than men; and by education I mean here not just university education but extended training of any kind. No one will be surprised at that. In a society which needs well-informed citizens, and which knows that it needs skilled workers, women are permitted to assume that they will marry, and further permitted to assume that only narrowly domestic skills will ever be required of them. Whereas boys are constantly inspired, at the crucial school-leaving age, by their teachers and by all sorts of deliberate propaganda, to picture themselves as mechanics, doctors, lawyers, physicists, and other servants of society, no comparable effort seems to be made with the girls. They are usually allowed to slip off and put in time until their wedding day.

What I say here may be contested by teachers; and there are of course plenty of schools where girls are taken, and take themselves, just as seriously as boys from an educational point of view. But the general trend in society is against this. One may see here a kind of vicious circle. Women do not want education because the educated woman does not seem to them to be important; or, more precisely, does not represent for them an attractive ideal. Here we reach what I think is the underlying problem. The equal woman

does not yet exist. We live in a society in which men still believe, and women tolerate or even encourage the belief, that women are inferior. The educated woman, the clever woman, is still an anomaly and is made to feel herself as such.

Literature has always been a truthful recorder of the situation of women. Indeed, the novel has made this one of its main themes. Clarissa, Jane Fairfax, Lucy Snow, Isabel Archer; we see them as the victims of their society, the tools of their relations, encouraged to require money but socially debarred from earning it save by labour which is regarded as degrading. And if we look in more recent literature for some sketch of the equal woman she is hard to find. For women who are both in thought and act the equal of men we have to go to Shakespeare or the Greeks; but these are not intellectual women in the sense which our picture requires. Our last great English novelist conspicuously lacked any vision of the equality of the sexes. Lawrence's Ursula is educated but highly uncomfortable; and what her author's doctrine amounts to is sexual *apartheid*. The lesser race is encouraged to think of itself as gloriously different (but of course lesser).

The vision of the equal woman is lacking. What we have instead, widely disseminated through our society by press, advertisements, films and magazines, is the ideal of the sweet but uncultured charmer who is exclusively concerned with the technique of getting a man. In this picture as it is often presented there is little place for true ambition, and little place even for true dignity. So powerful and universal indeed is this ideal that the educated woman has often to reckon with it, in a way which lends to her behaviour, in certain male society, an element of masquerade.

Critics will hasten to say that the ideal of the equal woman is an unfeminine one. This is nonsense. Equality does not hinder the drama of sex; it makes it more subtle and profound. As I said at the beginning of this article, the ideal of equality is neglected to-day, both by its friends and its foes. But equality, as between sexes, and as between classes, is a condition of freedom; and the struggle for it is the struggle against the ossification of our society into a technically qualified minority and an inert though perhaps contented majority. We are remote from it, and by its nature it can only be achieved slowly. But let us raise our heads occasionally from the almost motionless scene to survey the distant and inspiring ideal.

IRIS MURDOCH.

THE INDIAN VERSION

By K. M. PANIKKAR

IT was in the year of the Great Rebellion (1857) that the East India Company established in India the three great universities of Calcutta, Madras and Bombay; and significantly the last year was celebrated in India as centenary of both these events. Thus, British universities in India have a hundred years of history and their influence in shaping the mind of new India deserves to be objectively evaluated.

Starting with the three metropolitan universities, India had in 1947 as many as seventeen universities (without including those in Pakistan). Organizationally these universities represented changing British practices. The earlier universities were on the model of London, where teaching was the concern of affiliating colleges, while the university itself was only an examining body. A later development was the residential teaching university, where the organization of teaching was centralized. A third group combined these two features. All the universities were established under the authority of government, so that India was spared the unfortunate experience of China where mission universities, American and French universities, existed side by side with national institutions and followed different courses.

The Indian universities, whatever their structure, had certain common features. In all of them (excepting one—the Osmania University—which the former State of Hyderabad established) the medium of instruction was English. Secondly, till 1921, when under the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms the control of education was transferred to Indian hands, the emphasis was on European studies. For example, British and European history, Western systems of philosophy, English language and literature, etc., had an importance which was denied to Indian subjects. In fact, Indian universities before 1921 were projections of British institutions and they had very little which was characteristically Indian. Though after 1921 there was some change in this system, to the extent at least of having chairs for Indian history, Sanskrit, etc., broadly speaking, the Indian universities maintained their predominantly

British character till the last days of the Crown's rule in India.

This system had its disadvantages, especially in the depreciation of Indian life and culture; but it has also had very notable advantages. A single system of higher education united the country more than even the development of communications and a uniform administration. It produced a common approach to problems, a like-mindedness, a common tradition which formed in time the basis of India's nationalism. The emphasis placed on English language and literature, English and European history, helped India not merely to share in the liberal traditions of the 19th century, but in a sense to participate in its development. The generations that grew up in India in the century that followed the establishment of the universities looked upon British thinkers from John Stuart Mill to Harold Laski as their *gurus* to whose traditions they were heirs as much as to the thinkers of their own land.

No less important has been the influence of the universities in the revival of the Hindu mind. The great reformation of the Hindu religion, which was the dominant feature of India's revival in the last century was in a very real sense the outcome of English education provided by the Indian universities. By providing India with a common language, understood by the intellectuals everywhere, the university system made it possible for the new thought to have an all-Indian influence. The reformation of Hinduism would have come about in any case, but it would most certainly have been sectarian and local as in the past but for the fact that the spread of the English language all over India, and its gradual growth into a common language of culture, enabled the new thought to permeate the intellectuals in all parts of the country. It is a fact of great significance that the literary instrument of Hindu religious revival was English. The writings and speeches of the great teachers like Swami Vivekananda, Sri Aurobindo, Mahatma Gandhi and Radhakrishnan were in English. Even such books as Tilak's *Gītā Rahasya* or *The Secret of the Gītā*, though originally written in Marathi, came

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to have an all-Indian influence only when they were translated into English. It may, therefore, well be claimed that the reformation of Hinduism was one of the major results of Indian university education.

This is one of the ironies of history, for one of the main hopes cherished by those who had laid the foundations of Indian education was that once Indians came to be educated in Western knowledge, the structure of Hinduism would break down. Lord Macaulay, who was the architect of the Indian educational system, declared in his famous Minute:

The question now before us is simply that it is said that the Sanskrit and the Arabic are the languages in which the sacred books of a hundred millions of people are written, and that they are on that account entitled to peculiar encouragement. To encourage the study of a literature, admitted to be of small intrinsic value, only because that literature inculcates the most serious errors on the most important subjects, is a course hardly reconcilable with reason, with morality, or even with that very neutrality which ought, as we all agree, to be sacredly preserved We are to teach false history, false astronomy, false medicine, because we find them in company with a false religion. We abstain, and I trust shall always abstain, from giving any public encouragement to those who are engaged in the work of converting the natives to Christianity. And while we act thus, can we reasonably or decently bribe men, out of the revenues of the state, to waste their youth in learning how they are to purify themselves after touching an ass or what texts of the Vedas they are to repeat to expiate the crime of killing a goat?

The emphasis on English language and literature had another result which was perhaps equally important. The major languages of India which came to be developed under the impetus of the new universities modelled themselves on English. Some of these languages, like Tamil, Bengali and Marathi, had a rich literary tradition, but their modernization was the result of the new university education. It is English literature that provided the models for the new literature that began to spring up everywhere.

Also Western humanism began to find expression through these languages. The amazing growth of the regional languages in India, which to-day have become rich and flexible vehicles of expression, is undoubtedly one of the results of the British universities in India.

* * *

Though mainly literary in outlook, Indian universities had from the beginning introduced the study of modern sciences in their courses. It was, however, only with the early years of the 20th century that the teaching of science became a major interest in the Indian universities. The last half century has done much to make India science-minded. If India to-day has a corps of scientists who, apart from making valuable contribution to original research, are able to deal with problems relating to industrialization, atomic power, etc., this is due in very large measure to the work of the universities. New India was able to enter the technological age without undue strain because the universities had developed a body of scientists who were able to build up technical institutes all over the country. This popularization of science is one of the notable achievements of British universities in India and the great laboratories and scientific institutions and research centres that have been created after India's independence would not have been possible but for the foundations laid by the British universities.

Equally significant has been the influence of universities on the political and social thinking of India. English has been described with some justice as the language of liberty. Certainly the great classics of English literature in the 18th and 19th centuries exalted the spirit of freedom. Moreover, political thinking from Locke to Laski emphasized the principle of individual liberty and political freedom. The social doctrines of the period, equally, preached the principles of equality, while political thinking was dominated by the belief that representative government was the ultimate ideal of all free peoples. These doctrines taught in colleges were reinforced by the emphasis placed on the study of English history as a continuous struggle for freedom, of the enlargement of liberty from precedent to precedent. Nothing had a greater influence on shaping the political attitude of India than this conception of English history as a struggle for freedom. India learnt this lesson only too well, as may be seen from a study of the Indian Constitution. That elaborate document is the best witness of the influence of British universities on Indian thought. Not only is it drafted in the stiff formal language of English legalism, but it enshrines the liberal political thought of England more than perhaps any other single document in history. In fact, it may well be said that the Indian Constitution, with its emphasis on individual liberty, freedom of belief, social and economic

justice and the rule of Law, is essentially a product of British universities and is evidence of the abiding influence of English language, literature and political thought on India.

The fear is often expressed that with the changes in Indian universities following the independence of the country, these influences may become weaker, especially as in time English will be replaced by Indian languages. There is no doubt an element of danger in this but it should be remembered that the modern Indian languages themselves reflect the influence of the British universities, and as the study of English will not only be continued but is to be encouraged in independent India, the apprehensions about the influence of the British universities fading away with time would seem to be greatly exaggerated.

Briefly, it may be said that the most abiding British contribution to India has been through the universities. The shaping of the Indian mind during the last century, the creation of like-mindedness, which is one of the major factors which helped to weld the peoples of India into a nation, the political, social and economic doctrine, which have become a part of India's tradition, and finally the faith in science and technology, have been the results of the work of the British universities in India. It is the complex of these factors that has brought about a transformation of India, and the development of the last hundred years in India may, therefore, well be considered the outcome in a very large measure of the work of British universities.

K. M. PANIKKAR.

UNIVERSITY DEBATING

By KENNETH HARRIS

AT one time I knew a great deal more about debating in American universities than I did about debating in ours. In 1947-48, with Anthony Wedgwood Benn and Edward Boyle, I made a debating tour of sixty American universities. At that time I had debated in a British university only four times—all of them in the Oxford Union. Since late 1953, however, in my capacity as a kind of "traveling judge" in the tournament run annually by the National Union of Students, I have heard university students debate on about fifty occasions. These debates, of course, have been rather special, competitive debates, and therefore not necessarily representative; the performance of, say, the Glasgow University team this year can hardly be taken to represent debating this year at Glasgow University. But listening to these debates, and talking to the debaters, I find myself with some impressions about debating in British universities, and it is these impressions, as impressions, which I offer.

The uppermost thing in my mind when I reflect upon university debating is that on the whole the standard of debating in the universities is some way below their standard of thinking, working and writing. I think the gap is wider at Oxford and Cambridge than elsewhere. What I find about university debating, on the whole, is that speakers

- (a) Either will not or cannot make a case;
- (b) Do not understand what "thinking on one's feet" really means (and therefore cannot do it);
- (c) Believe that provided a speech reads well on paper, as an essay might, it will be an effective spoken speech (and so do not understand that speeches must have a language and construction, even down to sentences, different from those of the written form);
- (d) Do not pay much attention to the need for refuting the opposition's views.

I think that university debating would not suffer from these weaknesses if debating enjoyed more genuine prestige and, therefore, were taken more seriously, and invested with more intellectual effort—either because people thought good debating was intellectually worth while, or worth while cultivating as an instrument of action. Fundamentally I think debating at the university suffers from the fact that so many people either regard it as cultural fun, harmless or harmful according to judgment, like "acting"; or associate it with politics at the hustings level, and therefore regard it as intellectually somewhat *infra dig*.

The prestige of debating, in other words, is probably a function of the tendency of intellectuals to regard "politics" as something

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from which so far as possible they should try to keep away. I think the standard of debating in the universities would probably improve a great deal if young people realized how important the function of debating is at levels and in areas of national affairs quite remote from the hustings—in the board room of big firms, in the council chamber, the arbitration tribunal, the editorial conferences of influential journals, and so on. However, I am not writing about what ought to be, but about what—as I see it—is.

Difference in function is the main reason, I think, why the gap between potential and actual standards is more striking in the case of Oxford and Cambridge than at the Redbricks. At Oxford and Cambridge there are two kinds of debates. Many of the colleges have their own debating, discussion societies, which debate, on the whole, either for the exercise of debating or in the process of carrying out the functions of the society—for example, the College Labour Club may debate at great length in deciding what its official view is on the H-bomb. The other kind of debate is to be found at the Union Society. So far as I can make out most people go to the Union for two reasons: either because they want some entertainment, or because they are interested in politics and wish to see how national politics are mirrored in their, undergraduate, world. A much smaller number go because they want, for political or professional purposes (notably the bar), the experience which listening to or participating in speech-making might provide.

The result is that whatever else Union debates are they are to a considerable degree, unavoidably frivolous and/or *artificial*. Undergraduate speeches in the lighthearted debates, like the Eights Week Debate, or the "Farewell" debates, or on other occasions when the debate is designed to be "humorous," are usually no more than funny, sometimes witty, after-dinner speeches. And when the debates are "serious," there is a great tendency for speeches to be modelled on those made by politicians, so that they frequently sound pompous, stilted, and laboured, to mention only some of the deficiencies which any artificial performance is heir to, and containing little argument, as opposed to assertion, a deficiency of a special kind frequently found when the model for the artificial speech happens to be political. The result is that though a great many members of the Oxford Union have in later life turned out to be debaters of the greatest skill, it would be difficult to prove that they owed their success

to their careers in the Oxford Union. It is their ability to appeal to an audience which they are more likely to owe to the Union; the Union, I should think, has produced many more speakers who can appeal effectively to an audience than it has produced debaters who can argue a case skilfully in public.

From what I hear, and have heard, about the Cambridge Union the case is about the same there.

In the provincial universities, however, it is somewhat different. Since, generally speaking, there are no colleges, the student's daily corporate life is on a much greater scale. His non-academic activities are carried on largely within the framework of the Students Union, the student body in its non-academic form. The Union is to a degree that varies from one university to another, a largely self-governing body, with elected officers, and committee men. In order to run it there must be a great deal of discussion. Debating is not merely one of the functions of the student body as a whole, like "acting"; it is something the whole has to do in order to work. The outstanding debaters in provincial universities are usually the officials or ex-officials or potential officials of the student body. And their debating, therefore, has, it seems to me, a much more realistic and practical character than the debating I usually hear at Oxford and Cambridge.

Put it this way. If you were to select the twenty best university debaters in Oxford to-day it is likely that the only qualification the majority of them would have is that they make "outstanding" speeches in the Union. If you were to select the best twenty from, say, Bristol University, the chances are, I think, that the majority of them would be people who had held or were holding various positions in or around the Union, who had become known to at least a considerable number of their fellow-students for their practical activities in the corporate life of the university.

This is, of course, not to say that debating is better in Bristol than Oxford. I don't know of a good way of finding out whether or not that is the case. At what level do you make the test? How do you sample? Because Glasgow beats Edinburgh in this year's tournament doesn't necessarily mean that debating at Glasgow is better than it is at Hull. What I have been talking about is the extent to which a university's debating comes up to its possibilities, and why, it seems to me, the provincial universities give a better account of themselves in this respect than Oxford and Cambridge do. KENNETH HARRIS.

THE AMERICAN CONCEPT

By DENYS SMITH

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, whose centenary is being celebrated this year, said in 1913: "Scholarship that consists in mere learning but finds no expression in production may be of interest and value to the individual, just as ability to shoot well at clay pigeons may be of interest and value to him, but it ranks no higher unless it finds expression in achievement."

The material and practical view of education, with its disparagement of "mere learning," held by one of America's most progressive Presidents, is as good a way as any of breaking into the diverse and intricate subject of American universities. There are over 2,000 degree-giving American colleges and university colleges, varying in size from 150 undergraduates at St. John's College, Annapolis (one of the oldest, founded in 1696) to some 40,000 at the University of California. Almost any statement would be true of one of them and scarcely a generalization would be true of all. The architecture of some recalls the older English colleges. Some are housed in sky-scrapers, some are very wealthy, some struggle along on a shoe-string. Texas University is the wealthiest, with income from oil on university land amounting to nearly £100 million; but Harvard and Yale follow close behind with £86 million and £89 million respectively. It is amusing to remember that gratitude for bequests from John Harvard and Elihu Yale of only about £800 in each case led to the colleges being named after them.

The strange vocabulary of American university life—the President, the Faculty, the Campus, the Dormitory, the Fraternity (or Sorority), the Alumni and the rest—shows a surface difference from the English. But one expects to find a basic similarity beneath. Instead there is a basic contrast. The English conception of the university function is still (one hopes) preparation for living; the American preparation for earning a living. A report by the U.S. Office of Education published in March this year (*Retention and Withdrawal of College Students*) states: "In answer to questions on why they went to college, men most frequently listed

the importance of college education in earning a living."

In England the university came first and the colleges developed as self-sufficient units within it. In America the colleges came first and added a university superstructure later. The early American colleges were not modelled after Oxford and Cambridge Universities, but after the Oxford and Cambridge colleges. The name "university" began to be used shortly after the Revolution, but the reality had to wait till the latter half of the 19th century. The model which influenced this development from college to true university was not the English university but the German. It was the work of men who had studied at, and derived their ideas from, Berlin and Göttingen, not Oxford and Cambridge. The revival of learning in Germany after the Napoleonic wars was marked by methodical, comprehensive research. It was more professional, practical and utilitarian than in England. The new American universities founded after the Civil War (the number more than doubled between 1865 and 1899) which had no English-type college at their core, were almost the pure embodiment of the German university idea.

Teddy Roosevelt was a Harvard man who graduated in 1880. He was there when German influence had reached full flower. The views he held on scholarship were a natural reflection of his academic background. Six years after he went down in 1886, Harvard celebrated its 250th anniversary. The changes which were taking place were evidently troubling James Russell Lowell, who made the principal address on that occasion. Pride that Harvard was becoming at last a true university was mingled with concern lest the new theories should not only flower but run to seed. As befitted "Founder's Day," a special tribute was paid to John Harvard of Emmanuel. Lowell said in effect that all the birthday guests were welcomed equally, but the representative from Emmanuel College more equally than the others. "The welcome we give him could not be warmer than that which we offer his colleagues, but we cannot

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help feeling that in pressing his hand our own instinctively closes a little more tightly as with a sense of nearer kindred." But Lowell was being more than kind to a college which had become a little less than kin.

"For more than 200 years, in its disciplines and courses of study, the College (Harvard) followed mainly the lines traced by its founders," said Lowell. "It has been mainly during the last twenty-five years that the College, having already the name but by no means the resources of a university, has been trying to perform some at least of the functions which the title implies." He spoke of how Harvard had earlier "received and welcomed the new learning from Germany at the hands of Everett, Bancroft and Ticknor." These three men to whom Lowell referred, together with Joseph Cogswell, who became Harvard Librarian for a time, formed the vanguard of the intellectual expeditionary force which moved on to the German universities in increasing numbers in the early and mid-19th century. George Ticknor and Edward Everett, who left the United States in 1815, were probably the first young men to go to Germany for the express purpose of getting a more advanced university training than was possible at home. They were joined at Göttingen two years later by Cogswell. George Bancroft arrived at Göttingen in 1818. Everett, incidentally, is the forgotten man of Gettysburg. He delivered the scholarly two-hour oration which Lincoln blotted out in ten minutes from the pages of history with his Gettysburg Address.

It was understandable that these early American scholars should have gone to Germany rather than England. The 1812-14 war was just over and the Revolutionary war still a living memory. But more than that the German universities offered them the advanced studies they sought while Oxford and Cambridge did not. The new sciences in particular were appealing and appropriate to American needs. The English universities were looked upon as moribund institutions. Describing the Oxford of 1848 Emerson said: "Its gates shut of themselves against modern innovation. I do not know whether this learned body have yet heard of the Declaration of American Independence, or whether the Ptolemaic astronomy does not still hold its ground against the novelties of Copernicus."

One British scientist who bucked the Teutonic trend in this early period and planted his name in perpetuity on American educational life was James Smithson. The

"Smithsonian" is far more than a museum; it exercises one of the chief scientific influences in America to-day. It faithfully carries out the mission assigned to it in the 1826 will of its founder of using his endowment for the "increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." At the turn of the present century, when American universities had become as distinctively national as the American Constitution or American whisky, new links were forged with the English universities (which no longer deserved the strictures of Emerson) through the Rhodes scholarships, followed by a series of privately endowed, and later Congressionally sponsored, exchange scholarships and fellowships.

But all this lay in the future when Lowell was delivering his troubled address seventy odd years ago. The day had yet to come "when the young American need no longer go abroad for any part of his training." But when Harvard offered an alternative "it will be due, more than to any and all others, to the able energetic, single-minded yet fair-minded man who has presided over the College during the trying period of transition." Lowell was referring to Dr. Charles Eliot, who did not so much preside over the transition as bring it about. During his long life, including forty years as President of Harvard, nobody had more influence than he on the educational activities of the country. He was the transmission belt for the European, or German, ideas. The imprint of his views is borne by all American universities to-day. He believed that the college should educate the undergraduate, while the university in which the college was embedded should deal with post-graduate work and research. He believed that a liberal education should be related more closely to contemporary life, so he introduced the so-called "elective system." Modern languages, history, economics and above all the natural sciences (Dr. Eliot was a scientist) were made the equals of Greek, Latin and mathematics. The equality of all subjects suited the American democratic spirit. It seemed the complement of the other American tradition that all had an equal right to education. The ultimate ideal was sweepingly stated by Ezra Cornell when he founded in 1886 the university which bears his name. He wanted a university in which any student could study anything. In the modern universities the elective system has been carried to extremes. There has been a reaction since the 1930s, but too many college studies still embrace the dubious and the absurd. Degrees for business and

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journalism are among the dubious. An educated journalist is a very desirable thing, but a journalistic education sounds like a contradiction in terms. Degrees for hotel management, home economics or physical education sound comical. Lowell, over seventy years ago, had his doubts about the elective, or voluntary, system of studies. "Are we not trying to force the university forms into college methods too narrow for them." He feared that specialization might start before a proper foundation had been built for it. "I had rather the College turned out one of Aristotle's four-square men capable of holding his own in whatever field he may be cast than a score of lopsided ones developed abnormally in one direction." State universities subjected to popular demand cannot worry over-much about producing four-square men. They must be more utilitarian. The Legislature of North Carolina, in founding the first State-supported college of the new American nation in 1795, said it should fit the rising generation "for an honourable discharge of the social duties of life"; fit them, in short, to be four-square or well-rounded citizens. But some seven years ago *Life* magazine was praising North Carolina as "a brilliant example of a peculiarly American phenomenon—the State university which gives back a practical dividend to the people whose taxes support it."

A college which relies on the State legislature for funds, in addition to adopting perforce studies whose educational value is dubious, has to accept students whose qualifications for higher education are equally dubious. The early American colleges were founded before there was a satisfactory secondary school system to feed them. This is still the trouble. A high school diploma which in many states excuses an entrance examination means little when its holder needs an additional year's training at college in reading and writing. A Michigan Congressman recently cited the complaint of a Detroit businessman: "Not one out of five high school graduates who come to me can do simple arithmetic." He used a simple test. "I give them a piece of paper and a pencil and ask them to multiply one-half by one-half. I give them unlimited time. You know, they can't do it. Invariably they will answer 'One'."

De Tocqueville, writing of the America of the 1830s said: "I do not believe there is a country in the world where, in proportion to the population, there are so few uninstructed, and at the same time so few learned indi-

viduals." McGrath, the former Education Commissioner, said much the same thing the other day. "The plain fact is that graduate education in the United States has not sufficiently encouraged creative intellectual achievement. The practices and policies of graduate education encourage routine intellectual processes." The trouble starts in the secondary schools where the democratic concept has too often meant keeping the bright pupil down to the level of the dull. Withholding rewards and promotions is held to create a dangerous sense of inferiority. It is the Dodo philosophy, "Everybody has won, all must have prizes." It spreads to the colleges where specialization often starts without any liberal education on which to base it. The Dean of Yale, William DeVane, thinks much could be done by adding historical, philosophic and imaginative dimensions to specialized courses which otherwise narrow the outlook and stifle originality. But the philosophy and poetry of "Hotel Management" and the like would prove elusive even if historical treatment contributed something of value "in liberating the mind and spirit from the present and the local."

All this seems to be pointing to the far-fetched conclusion that the amateur would be more likely to produce an original idea in the field of the specialist than the specialist himself. But is it so far-fetched? Benjamin Franklin, who never claimed to be a scientist, made several important discoveries about electricity. Franklin's Russian contemporary and counterpart, Mikhail Lomonosov, whose chief interest was language and literature, might be regarded as the father of modern Russian science. Sir William Herschel, who discovered the planet Uranus, was an organist at Bath. Alfred Wallace, who shared with Darwin the discovery of natural selection through "survival of the fittest," was an English master at Leicester. Sir John Lubbock, who brought the "social" insects into the Darwinian framework, was a politician and banker. Darwin himself, for that matter, had no formal training in natural science. Coming down to our day, the late Edwin Hubble, the American who first advanced the theory of an expanding universe, started life as a lawyer not an astronomer. The point is not that only a liberal education acquired at college can provide the basis for advancing human knowledge. The point is that approaching a subject from outside can give new perspective, while being confined within the four walls of a subject from the start, and having little knowledge of any

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other, encourages a narrow and insular outlook. "What should they know of England who only England know." Nor is it a matter of the liberal arts versus the sciences. The "four-square man" of to-day must have knowledge of the sciences; they form part of a liberal education. Familiarity with the structure of the atom, for example, is necessary even to cast a responsible vote. The men who are most insistent to-day that specialization should have a broad educational base are the scientists. The President's Committee on Scientists and Engineers, in a report published in mid-March, stated that no member "believed that training in the liberal arts should in any way be sacrificed to a scientific programme." Dr. Killian, the President's chief scientific adviser, said there should be no rivalry between science and the humanities: "we need them both and each needs to cross-breed with the other."

The encouraging fact to-day is that Americans are aware that their whole educational system needs overhauling. The extreme view

Every boy and every girl that's born into the world this year

Must be a little scientist or a little engineer.

which came in the wake of Russia's scientific

achievements, has settled into a more balanced concept of the nation's need. There is an increasing demand for getting rid of the frills and the froth, both at school and college level. There is increasing recognition that a general or liberal education must provide the base needed for specialization. Opposition is rising to the "progressive" theories of teaching which became fashionable about forty years ago, mainly through the influence of John Dewey. There was nothing wrong about making a subject interesting, but interesting the pupil too often became the end not the means to the end, while instruction was subordinated to "life adjustment" and other spongy abstractions. The novel theory is even being heard that teachers who know their subjects are perhaps more useful than those who have attended the courses prescribed by the Boards of Education on how to teach it. America has had world leadership thrust upon it. The ideal of being the intellectual leader of the world as well, of being the foremost in adding to the universal store of knowledge, is gleaming fitfully as the star to which educational reform must be hitched.

DENYS SMITH.

THE NEXT TEN YEARS

By ALAN BULLOCK

IN the next few years British universities are facing some tough problems. The Government wants the universities to increase their numbers of students from 90,000 to 124,000 by the mid-1960's and is putting up £60 million for building programmes in the four years 1960-63. Most of the universities are prepared to try. This, it is frequently said (in Oxford and Cambridge, as well as Leeds and Leicester), is the great opportunity of the provincial universities, for neither Oxford nor Cambridge proposes to expand its own numbers by more than a few hundreds at most. By the time the Government's programme for expansion is achieved, five out of six university students in this country will be studying at the modern universities.

But the problems are enough to cast a shadow over the spirits of the most ambitious Vice-Chancellor. Where are they all going to be taught; where are they all going to be housed, and where are the men and women to teach them going to be found?

At the same time that the numbers are increasing, the proportion between the sciences and technology on the one hand and the arts subjects on the other will be rapidly changing in favour of the former. This brings problems of its own. Scientists and technologists need equipment and buildings on a scale far beyond the modest demands of the arts faculties. First-class scientists and technologists—with industry eager to snap them up at higher salaries than any university can afford—are harder to find than good historians or linguists.

Where to house the rising numbers is another difficult question to answer. The recent committee on Halls of Residence (of which I was a member) found most universities dissatisfied with life in lodgings and in any case at their wits' end to know where to find additional lodgings that are anything like satisfactory. Every modern university in the country has plans to put up more halls of residence (Manchester has raised

close on a million pounds by public appeal for this purpose), but their capital cost is high (£1,500 a place) and the older civic universities have a great deal of lee-way to make up, even with their present numbers. Leaving Oxford and Cambridge out of the picture, just under two-thirds of the university students in this country are to be found in eight universities: in those eight universities, less than 14 per cent. live in halls of residence. The rest either live at home and often have considerable journeys to make each day or—the majority—spend the whole of their university life in lodgings.

No doubt, the universities will manage somehow and it is salutary to reflect that some of the finest teaching and some notable scientific work have been done in cramped, ill-lit quarters amid the most unlikely surroundings. But the material difficulties are accompanied, and in part complicated, by other problems to which it is more difficult to find an answer.

One such problem has already been referred to in this series of articles, the gap between Oxford and Cambridge and "Redbrick." Some people would deny the existence of such

a gap; others attribute it to an out-dated and fast-dying social prejudice. Both, in my opinion, are wrong. The proof of the pre-eminence of Oxford and Cambridge is to be found in the fact that no school (and not just the public schools) considers sending its ablest boys to any other university until they have tried to get in at one or other of the ancient universities first.

To believe that this pre-eminence is the product of class distinction is to ignore the difference between the Oxford and Cambridge of the 1900's and of the 1950's. Thanks to State Scholarships and Local Authority awards, Oxford and Cambridge have adjusted their admissions to the changing social pattern in a way that has proved beyond the reach of the public schools. The position of Oxford and Cambridge in university education in this country is not at all the same as that of Eton and Winchester in relation to the State schools.

To reduce this gap by building up the modern universities has been one of the prime objectives of the University Grants Committee—and rightly so, from the national point of view. The next decade should see the fruits of this policy, on which large sums of Government money have already been spent. The increase in numbers seeking admission to a university, the growing difficulty of securing a place at Oxford and Cambridge, the swing to science and technology—the strongest suits of the modern universities—all these should work to the advantage of Manchester and Birmingham, London and Leeds. The change will call for some clear-headed thinking at the two older universities, but, of itself, it need not prove fatal to the renown of Oxford and Cambridge, any more than the rise of the State universities of California, Michigan, Illinois has led to the eclipse of Harvard and Yale.

But the hardest problems to solve lie deeper. Universities are, or ought to be, something more than training or technical colleges. More is required of them than to turn out well-trained chemists and engineers. This may be the limit of the national interest, it cannot be of the human interest. How to meet the urgent need for more, and more highly trained, specialists without losing sight of those subtler values which constitute a true education—this is the heart of the universities' problem.

It is still possible to find heads of departments who brush this aside either as nonsense or not their business. Their responsibility, they insist, is to see that the men who leave

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THE NEXT TEN YEARS

their department are properly trained physicists or economists: what goes on outside the lecture room is none of their business. With this has frequently gone the overvaluation of research, the ability to advance original knowledge, as the prime consideration in making academic appointments, the sort of attitude which too often means treating teaching as the drudgery by which the research-worker supports himself.

Fortunately, this attitude is much less common than it was. I say "fortunately," because I believe that one of the most important conditions of success is for undergraduates to feel that the men and women who teach them are interested in them as human beings, even though Mr. Kingsley Amis makes painfully clear how difficult it is to do just this.

One thing I am sure of is that you cannot educate people (as distinct from training them) by direct methods. Special lectures on culture or values, the spread of courses on the American system, "general education," and all the other well-meaning devices miss the point. For education in the sense in which I have been using the word—like happiness—is not something that can be

pursued, pinned down in a syllabus or taught. It is a bye-product, as incapable of examination as it is of definition.

The strength of Oxford and Cambridge has been their ability to provide conditions in which this process of education took place spontaneously. Roy Harrod once remarked in my presence that the important function of the dons was not to teach, but to act as guardians of a tradition, to see that certain conditions were preserved—intellectual and psychological, as much as material. The more experience I have of universities, the more truth I see in that remark.

I sympathize with my friends in the modern universities who say that you cannot reproduce the Oxford college system elsewhere. But any university worthy of the name has got to find a way of producing the same sort of effect as the college system. This is not a luxury which a cut-price university education, good enough for those who come from working class homes, can afford to dispense with.

The questions I find myself asking are these. How far can we maintain these conditions, even at Oxford and Cambridge, in face of the

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JOHN CALDER

growing specialization of knowledge and its increasing technical demands? How far are they dependent for their effect upon intellectual and social assumptions about undergraduates which can no longer be taken for granted? How far can the same effect be produced elsewhere, in a big industrial city like Birmingham, for instance, or starting from scratch as in North Staffordshire?

I am by no means pessimistic about the answers to these questions, so long as we recognize their importance. They are not questions which can be left until the expansion in numbers has taken place, the new courses have been planned and the buildings are up.

When I was appointed to serve on the Halls

of Residence Committee set up by the U.G.C., I accepted out of a sense of duty, feeling little interest in the details of lay-out and household management. As we went on with our discussions, however, I discovered that none of these questions, however practical, could be settled without first asking: What is the function of a university? Why is residence important? What are we trying to do?

The next ten years in British universities will be crowded, chaotic and exciting. The value of what we accomplish, however, will depend upon the extent to which, in the midst of the most urgent preoccupations and improvisation, we do not lose sight of that simple question: What is the purpose of a university?

ALAN BULLOCK.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor, National and English Review

TO DARE OR NOT TO DARE?

From Mr. M. R. Gershlick

DEAR SIR,

It might well be as you say that there is no case for unilateral disarmament, nuclear or otherwise, by the West. But there is indeed a case to be made out that the Soviet Union is not necessarily bent on eventual world conquest, let alone imminent world conquest.

It seems nearer the heart of the matter when you state: "It is therefore inaccurate to say that the Russians could trust the West, but that the West could not trust the East." Surely indeed this is nearer the truth, for if we are to be perfectly objective about East-West affairs in the post-war period the fact does stand out that in the mad scramble to protect their own interests, engendered by a lack of trust, both East and West have behaved without a necessary regard to ethics and considerations of international morality and both have inspired in the other, not without reason, the cry of "warmonger."

Surely the civilized thing to do right now is, firstly, to face up to our own defects in our relations with Russia, and, secondly, to recognize the right of the Soviet Union to safeguard her own legitimate interests, faced as she always has been by hostility from the West. Surely if it is "realistic" for us in the West to control or to attempt to control the affairs of countries bordering on the frontiers

of the Soviet Union (e.g. the countries of the Middle East), it is likewise realistic for them to take an inordinate interest in countries outside their own national boundaries?

What it seems to me we ought to establish before we talk in self-justification and self-righteousness of H-bomb warfare, or in fact of any warfare at all, is whether the Soviet Union's ambitions are directed towards world conquest or whether her actions are motivated solely by a legitimate concern for self-preservation.

If it can be established that the Soviet Union has malevolent, paranoiac ambitions to conquer the world then the issue is clear-cut: the H-bomb must be preserved at all costs to combat such a menace. If, however, the actions of the Soviet Union in the post-war period can be seen as the actions of a neurotic impelled by fear, then the sooner we all get on with the business of showing each other in a practical fashion that we want to live in co-operation and not in conflict the better it will be. And perhaps then in an assiduous way we can work to make the horror of the H-bomb and all the ancillaries of warfare disappear from the horizons of mankind.

Yours etc.,

M. R. GERSHLICK.

22 Cranley Road,
Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.
April 12, 1958.

Books: General

DUKES AND ALL THAT*

By TAPER

They say the Duke of Deal is wont to deck
His forehead with a huge phylactery;
They say Sir Buckley Boldwood is a Czech,
And Lord Fitz Waldemar a Portugee;
They say Lord Penge began in poverty
Outside Pompeii, selling souvenirs.
I cannot think of any repartee,
I simply wag my great, long, furry ears.

THUS, long ago, E. C. Bentley. But time has played an odd trick. It is no longer the past of our peers that causes concern to those that love them, but their future. (We can leave the Duke of Deal out of it, I think; there is no reason to suppose that the proportion of religious maniacs, whether under restraint or not, in the British peerage, is sensibly greater or smaller now than it used to be). Nobody, nowadays, takes the peerage seriously in a political sense. This is not simply because the House of Lords no longer has any real power; its loss of influence and effectiveness has gone further than can be explained by the erosive pressure of the Parliament Acts. Look, for instance, at Lord Salisbury (if you can find out where to look). For a long time he was widely represented as the king-maker of the Conservative Party, crooking his finger from Hatfield and watching Ministers come at its crooking. This theory, in which there was never any truth (the last occasion on which Lord Salisbury played any really significant part in the affairs of the nation was in 1938), reached remarkable heights of idiocy during and immediately after the period of Sir Anthony Eden's resignation and the appointment of his successor. Lord Salisbury, because he saw the Queen at that time, was said to have acted the part of a super-salesman of vacuum cleaners, pushing the merits of the improved Macmillan model over those of the rival Butler ("Oh, no, madam, its dust-capacity is far smaller, and its electricity consumption twice as large. Besides, it *squeaks*"), until he had the customer convinced. That there was not a word of truth in all this, and that the succession would have gone if Lord Salisbury had stood on his head and shouted for Butler

until nightfall, is something which only became apparent gradually; and many a pundit fell into the trap of *post hoc, propter hoc*, to emerge only when Lord Salisbury resigned from the Government with what the latest surrealist playwright at the Royal Court Theatre would call a resounding tinkle. Yet they should have known better; the English may dearly love a Lord, but they have long since ceased to take any notice of him. There are so many of them, and the peerage has for so long been used as the House of Commons' dustbin, and the principle of hereditary power has been obviously indefensible for so long, that all talk of reforming, or curbing, or strengthening, or paying, or womanizing, the House of Lords has long since ceased to have any meaning of any kind. The fact is, the House or Lords ceased to exist years ago.

But, winkled out of this position (never more than half-heartedly held), the aristophile will take refuge in another. Though the Upper House, as a legislative body, is no longer of the slightest importance (except technically; it is often convenient, especially—amusingly enough—to Labour Governments, for legislation to be initiated or amended in the House of Lords), we are told that the peerage, which is seen as being composed of card-carrying members of the Establishment to the last baron, is still influential, working away in private to sway the destinies of the nation.

This is nonsense, too, but for a very different reason, which brings me back to worrying about their future. Look at it this way; the first Duke of Bedford played a large part in organizing the Restoration; the thirteenth advertises useful household products on commercial television. Three hundred years is a long time, but it is not so long as all that. For the Duke of Bedford does not indulge in his monkeyshines *only* because he likes to get his picture in the papers; he does it in order to pay off the death duties on his father's estate. What is

* *Looking Back*. By the Duke of Sutherland. Odhams. 25s.

more to the point, he is not going to succeed; not even commercial television can afford to pay out a million pounds to save Woburn from the Treasury. The decline of the British aristocracy is not to be measured in political terms, but in financial; as taxation and death duties have risen ever more steeply, the number of families able to keep up houses with a hundred rooms and servants to match has progressively declined. And with the decline in the visible indices of status has gone a decline absolutely. There was never any real reason why titled fools (some of Britain's best families have an astonishingly high proportion of these) should be looked up to by the populace and heeded by its leaders, and when the splendour fell they fell also. When a noble family can sport neither a Derby winner in its stables (nor, often, the stables) nor a Cabinet Minister at the head of its dinner-table, a distant gong has sounded. The moribund condition of the British peerage has been obscured by the more obviously dying state of the House of Lords; though nobody now seriously disputes that the days of an hereditary Second Chamber are numbered (and they are likely to be made fewer, not more numerous, by such penny-quick expedients as the creation of life peers, the admission of peeresses, and the payment of a miserable three guineas a day expenses), it is still widely regarded as freakish to maintain that the peerage as such is equally doomed. The English, it is true, do not regard the fact that an institution serves no useful purpose as in itself a satisfactory reason for doing away with it. But nobody is going to do away with the peerage; for one thing such methods are unnecessary, the disease from which it suffers being fatal and incurable, and for another we do not do things that way. But I venture to prophesy that possibly the next Labour Government, and certainly the next but one, will create no new hereditary peers at all. And after that it can only be a matter of time. In a century—perhaps much less—the hereditary titles that still exist in this country will be scarcely used even by the bearers, and men bearing names that were household words for a half a thousand years will be on a par with those pathetic "Princes" and "Princesses" of Hohenzollern and Bourbon-Parma, and even more preposterously extinct lines that still trundle their sad caravanserais around Europe.

And what will our grandchildren feel, as they look back on a world in which one man could own an entire city because a remote ancestor was diligent in robbing churches on

behalf of Charles I? Probably that the Greek shipping magnates and Texan oil-millionaires (I heard of one of those the other day who employs a servant whose sole function is to warm his master's wristwatch in the mornings before placing it on his wrist) who have already taken their places are a good deal more unpleasant than even the British aristocracy at its most futile. For—and this is something that one more algebraically-minded than I might plot on a graph—the more futile the British aristocrat has grown in his decline, the more charming he has become. It would, for instance, be difficult to find a more futile book, by a sillier man, than the autobiography of the Duke of Sutherland. "What is art that it should have a sake?," asked Samuel Butler querulously. So we might ask "Who is the Duke of Sutherland that he should have an autobiography?" Well, he is the fifth Duke of Sutherland, for a start; he is also the Earl of Sutherland (in, as it were, a different direction), the Marquess of Stafford, the Viscount Trentham and the Baron Gower. His grandfather owned the whole of the County of Sutherland and he himself owns the "Collet de la Reine," the Queen's Necklace itself. The calm way in which he mentions this last fact, as a man might say "I own the Pyramid of Cheops" or "The *Night Watch* is mine, actually," is one of the most endearing things in this book. To think that the Cardinal de Rohan (not to mention Dumas) went to all that trouble, and poor Marie Antoinette suffered so, and Cagliostro and Madame de la Motte got into such hot water, just so that an ancestor of the Duke of Sutherland might pinch the thing during the French Revolution and bring it home to Scotland to take its place among the game rifles and mounted stag-heads and rhinoceros-tusks (he includes a picture of one rhinoceros—a whopping great beast; he also includes pictures of an oryx gazelle, a bull bison, a greater kudu bull, a tiger and a lion, all of which he shot on his various travels)!

But one must not think that our author has done nothing but inherit titles and trinkets and kill animals. He has played his humble part on the political stage, too, having been Under-Secretary for Air under Bonar Law and Paymaster-General and Under-Secretary for War under Baldwin. He trod the same ground as the great intriguers of the day like Beaverbrook, the movers of mountains like Churchill and Lloyd George; what is more, his noble and royal connections gave him many an *entrée* that other, more powerful,

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HAMISH HAMILTON

Dukes and All That

figures lacked. Yet one gets the impression from reading his charming, gentle comments on the stirring events of those years that he had no idea at all of what was going on. The "political" chapters abound with remarks like

My cousin Londonderry was then Air Minister, and in him, as in his predecessor Samuel Hoare, I had the utmost confidence.

and

Nevertheless, I always had the impression that though he (Ramsay MacDonald) never regretted his action, he was rather a sad and lonely man after his break with the official Socialist Party.

and

I do not propose to discuss the rights and wrongs of this bitter business: suffice it to say that the strike arose out of the dispute concerning the coal mines, lasted ten days, involved over two million workers, caused an estimated loss to the country of one hundred and sixty-two million working days, and, in the opinion of many politicians, brought us to the verge of revolution.

Yet how can one feel testy even at that inadequate and inaccurate (to say the least) summary of the General Strike, when he follows it up with the proud statement that "My wife, during this crisis, drove delivery vans for *The Times* newspaper, and afterwards received a delightful personal letter from Colonel J. J. Astor. . . ."

And so it goes on. There is something magnificent, reminiscent of Madame Ranevsky, in the Duke's complete unconsciousness that the sun is setting—has, indeed, already set as far as anything but the trappings and the suits is concerned. This is, indeed, just as well; if Madame Ranevsky knew what was happening to her there would be some very ugly scenes in *The Cherry Orchard*, and the ending would be no whit different. There is much to yawn at in *Looking Back*, (not least a preface by Lord Kilmuir, written in prose so bad as to be in places literally incomprehensible, and a gigantic chart tucked into the back cover, which I presume is some kind of family tree, but which, consisting as it does of no more than a vast number of concentric circles containing hundreds of names lacking any indication of who is related to whom, is in fact of little practical use to the reader); but to dismiss it as the ramblings of a tedious old man would be to make a serious mistake. The late Robert Benchley once claimed that he had written a doctoral thesis on the Newfoundland Fishing-rights Dispute, con-

Dukes and All That

sidered from the point of view of the fish. The Duke of Sutherland has gone one further; here is the direct testimony of one of the fish themselves. And Benchley was joking, whereas the Duke is not.

Prince, they deride your purse, your pedigree
Your taste in art, and wine, and clothes, and
peers;
Such things make no impression upon me:
I simply wag my great, long, furry ears.

TAPER.

AUGUSTAN MARSH-LIGHT

THE SEARCH FOR GOOD SENSE: FOUR 18TH CENTURY CHARACTERS. By F. L. Lucas. Cassell. 25s.

THE 18th century is a most accommodating period. One can always find somewhere in its long, well-lighted passages exactly the door one was looking for. It was humane, but it was also brutal; it was conservative, but also revolutionary; it was clean, it was dirty, it was black, it was white. Like Mr. Brooke in *Middlemarch* it seems to have united the most irreconcilable beliefs. Its pendant, the age of Wellington and Canning, seems to have maintained its Protean character. Is not *The Bleak Age* of the Hammonds the same as Sir Arthur Bryant's *Age of Elegance*? Such apparent confusion is the harder to explain when all judges, whatever their summing-up, agree that the great distinctive characteristic of 18th century art, literature and thought is lucidity, firm, precise and definite. Or has this very quality itself been fertile of misunderstanding, leading men to impose, if they cannot find, a unifying principle on what is really and naturally diverse and inconsistent? And is not the pursuit of this unifying principle, more gracefully styled the Spirit of the Age, yet one more of the metahistorian's marsh-lights?

Yes, says Mr. Lucas boldly, it is. The opening pages of his essay on the 18th century mind state the position cogently and illustrate it with diverting examples. But as we saunter away from the main argument we suddenly find ourselves on King's Bridge. Clare embodies "the graceful 'civility' of our 17th century; King's Chapel typifies the last glories of medieval faith under Henry VI; the Fellows' building of King's stands for the stately classicism of our Augustan 'Age of Reason'." What, one wonders, does all this mean? Are the "glories of medieval faith" the same as "the Dark Age of theologians and monks" mentioned in the blurb? Should we not be on our guard against some intellec-

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tual sleight-of-hand, concealed by æsthetic and anecdotal patter? The argument in fact is a simple one. Painting, building, writing, music can almost always be dated on the evidence of style; style is the manifestation of the spirit of the age; therefore the spirit of the age does exist.

The spirit of the 18th century, Mr. Lucas finds, consists in its hatred and contempt for Enthusiasm, which he translates into modern English as "fanaticism." This translation is doubtful. Fanaticism is an absolute term, hardly patient of qualification. To call a man a fanatic is next to calling him mad. Surely the objects of Mr. Lucas's admiration were not so platitudinous. "Enthusiasm" carries subtler overtones than "fanaticism." In many ways the use of the term expresses the superiority felt by the sophisticated over the simple. There is a degree of patronizing self-satisfaction implied in it. It is often used sarcastically or sneeringly, to jibe at ardour or to justify selfishness. Does all this quite fit "fanaticism"? On this equation hangs a whole view of the 18th century. Mr. Lucas's substitution of terms begs an important question. Fanaticism is by definition bad, but is this true of "Enthusiasm" in the 18th century?

The bulk of *The Search for Good Sense* consists of an enquiry into the lives of Johnson, Chesterfield, Boswell and Goldsmith to see how far they achieved or exemplified the virtues of the age as Mr. Lucas understands them. These biographical sketches contain a great deal that is both informative and amusing. Mr. Lucas is a master of the controlled digression. One never knows what is coming next but one can be sure that it will not be boring. Besides a talent for seasoning, Mr. Lucas is an admirable condenser. Himself wittily contemptuous of the absurdities of top-heavy scholarship he has evidently kept pace with the floods of Boswelliana that surge from the press. Whatever its other merits or defects Mr. Lucas's study of Boswell is well worth reading simply for the brilliant marshalling of the facts. Above all Mr. Lucas aims to please. He tries to keep his readers entertained: he supplies deft translations of Greek and Latin quotations: he never spares a footnote if there is any felicity in a quoted passage which a dull or careless reader might miss, or any exaggeration that might mislead. "'Much' might be more prudent than 'all'" whispers Mr. Lucas. "It might be safer to say 'is often not to. . .'" "Sir, Sir, I am obliged to you, Sir," cries the reader. If surly virtue does not as in John-

Augustan Marsh-Light

son's case soon change into complacency, that is not the author's fault.

His faults he turns towards his subjects, not his readers. "Men," he writes, "like Johnson, Boswell, Goldsmith, Hume, Burke or Benjamin Franklin are not only fascinating to try to understand; they raise fascinating problems. How far were their lives successful experiments in the art of living? How far not? And why?" The mere asking of such questions betrays, one would have thought, a temperamental incapacity for understanding either Johnson or Burke. The cold urbanity that regards a man's life as an experiment in the art of living would have brought down from either a landslide of epithets whose echoes would be rumbling yet. Is it not, indeed, this very quality that makes Chesterfield so repulsive? Chesterfield offers perhaps the only appropriate matter for such an inquiry. And Mr. Lucas, try how he will, cannot bring himself to like him.

As might be expected the worst results come from applying this treatment to Johnson. The material is too strong for the method of analysis. Moral criticism must rest on a moral basis. Thus when Mr. Lucas writes "Johnson would have been a better man, had he been better-tempered, more courteous, gentler, cleaner"; we recognize the same fallacy that Newman pointed out in Burke's phrase: "vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness." Goodness has little to do with the qualities Mr. Lucas has enumerated. It is suitability to the Combination Room at King's that is in question. No doubt Johnson's personal habits, like his Midland accent, are not attractive to an age that enjoys running water and the refined enunciation of the B.B.C. But morally they are neutral. We do not call a man good or bad by the frequency with which he changes his shirt. The error of confusing gracious living with the graces of the spirit is surely a vulgar one.

The same obtuseness tinged with patronage reveals itself in this verdict on Johnson's religion:

Again, Johnson's own form of religion seems as unconvincing and disastrous as poor Cowper's—its intolerance left him narrowed, its morbid sense of guilt stuffed his pillow with prickles, its terror of the after-life proved a lifelong nightmare. That it made him a better man, may well be doubted; it did not restrain his ferocity, nor his idleness. And had he been as gaily sceptical as Hume or Voltaire, there seems no reason to believe that he would have become any less generous or compassionate.

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CASSELL

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Does there not? Johnson himself would hardly agree. Neither would Boswell who contrasts his calm and holy moods with his rough and savage unreasonableness at other times. Neither Hume nor Voltaire laboured under Johnson's terrible nervous and physical disadvantages. Neither experienced the long hungry years of hack-work and failure that would have broken anyone but a hero. To contemplate re-making Johnson in their image is like adding cochineal to white burgundy in the hope of producing a claret. Johnson's religion permeated his life. If it is answerable for what Mr. Lucas disapproves in him, it is also answerable in the same proportion for the good. Both he and his friends were firmly of the opinion that his religion *did* make him a better man. That in itself is a substantial reason for doubting Mr. Lucas's judgment.

Indeed for all the candour and common sense that illuminate these pages Mr. Lucas has not succeeded in taking the advice he so emphatically recommends: "Clear your mind of cant." The cant about science and subtopia with which the book closes is unworthy of its author. The cant that is worth serious examination is the pretence to speak with the voice of reason, free from prejudice or partiality. That this is not so is easily seen from his treatment of those who disagree with him. Writers who disapprove of Chesterfield more than Mr. Lucas does are described as "the queue that forms up to cast stones at the old man" whereas those who surpass Mr. Lucas in admiration for the character of Johnson are said to "march up with buckets of whitewash." To make Mr. Lucas's accounts balance Chesterfield must be written up and Johnson written down. No doubt this is well enough, but it is absurd to affect a spirit of disinterested inquiry. Those two phrases give the game away. Why is Chesterfield an old man, except to excite spurious feelings of pity? Did he pass a longer old age than Johnson? It is strange too that Mr. Lucas thinks that Johnson's admirers want to white-wash him. On the contrary they never admire him more than when the dark places of his nature are vividly represented, because it is then that his courage, his generosity and his refinement stand out most clearly. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that the religion of sensible men (a phrase Disraeli borrowed from Shaftesbury) has clouded the light of reason and rendered the search for good sense less productive than it might have been.

RICHARD OLLARD.

THE WITCH AND THE LOBSTER

THE WITCH AND THE LOBSTER

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IN the dark morning of time when the sculptors made the giant statues, which are the glory and the mystery of Easter Island, there was an old witch who breathed life into these great figures and made them go to their appointed places. One day the ungrateful sculptors dined handsomely on lobsters but gave none to the useful witch, who was so furious when she found the empty shells that she made all the walking statues fall flat on their noses, and they have never moved since.

This remarkable explanation of their ponderous effigies is accepted by the inhabitants of Easter Island to this day, and it explains why Mr. Thor Heyerdahl and the members of his expedition found the intellectual climate of the "loneliest island" extremely odd. The islanders had no doubt that "Señor Kon-Tiki," as they called Mr. Heyerdahl possessed a powerful guardian spirit or "*Aku-Aku*," and that is the title he has given to his extremely readable account of one of the unspoiled places of the world. It will not be so much longer. At present a Chilean warship calls there only once a year, but it is possible that the Americans may build an aerodrome upon it soon. The months spent on Easter Island by the Heyerdahl

expedition were an unprecedented event in the lives of the islanders. I wonder what is going to happen to them now that Mr. Heyerdahl has blown the gaff. Will they be pleased by the very frank portraits he has painted of them? There is no doubt that they will soon be reading and discussing a translation of *Aku-Aku*. Although the islanders are simple, they can also on occasion be very shrewd, and they may find the author's exposure of their attempts to do private deals with him, unknown to the other islanders, most unwelcome. There is sometimes an air of patronage about what Mr. Heyerdahl writes which may be due to the translation made under "the personal supervision of the author" because one is sure that his object was to describe as accurately as he could this remote island and its primitive inhabitants. The story of their ancestors who were able to erect the enormous figures, 30 to 40 feet high and weighing up to 70 tons is an extraordinary one.

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Not far behind it in charm and beauty is Mr. Mountfort's *Portrait of a Wilderness*, which will need no explanation for people who have seen some of the excellent bird-watching programmes of the Coto-Doñana expeditions on television. Mr. Mountfort led these expeditions and among those who went with him were Lord Alanbrooke and Sir Julian Huxley. The magnificent photographs were taken by Mr. Eric Hosking. As Lord Alanbrooke says in his introduction, readers of the book will realize the international importance of this great sanctuary of wild life, one of the few now remaining in Europe. *Portrait of a Wilderness* is a delightful book, and so is Mr. John Haycraft's *Babel in Spain*. It is astonishing that the standard of books on this country by British authors continues to maintain the same astonishingly high level it has kept for some years now. This is not a travel book, but the account of two agreeable young people who went to Cordoba and opened a language school there so that Mr. Haycraft might find time to write a novel when he was not teaching. He succeeded in gaining both his objectives, and in writing *Babel in Spain* in addition. His novel should be well worth reading as he has a good eye for character, a sound sense of perspective, and any amount of common sense.

I have often thought that teaching a subject is the best way to get to know it oneself, and Mr. Haycraft adds that he believes that teaching one's language in a foreign country is the best way to get to know the inhabitants. The Haycrafts were invited everywhere by their students, who ranged from waiters to marquises, and these people talked freely to them about General Franco's régime, about Gibraltar, and about the slowly changing structure of Spanish society. It should be stressed that Mr. Haycraft is no dilettante as a teacher. When he and his wife gave up their college, there were nine teachers and 300 pupils.

Mr. Lodwick has given me so much pleasure in his novels that I have often wondered why he has not given me even more. He can be inventive, unexpected, witty, farcically amusing, and his style at its best flickers happily between those of Evelyn Waugh and P. G. Wodehouse. I do not think his stories will earn wide popularity until he manages to curb his tendency to fly off at a tangent when an incident or a character suddenly appeals to him so strongly that he has to desert his main theme and digress.

These criticisms do not apply to his "personal narrative", *Bid the Soldiers Shoot*, in which he claims that he was possibly locked up during the war more times and in more places than any other Englishman. This is an extraordinary and altogether entertaining book. It makes me feel that the author, if only he would concentrate and keep his eye on the work in hand, might write one of the best picaresque novels of his day. He would not have to look far to find a hero.

When the war began, Mr. Lodwick, who was living at St. Rémy-de-Provence very short of cash, joined the Foreign Legion and was almost immediately thrown into the *gnouf* (glass house). Released he fought with the Legion in the retreat near Paris, was captured by French troops, escaped being shot by them as a German parachutist, was arrested as a bicycle thief, escaped across the Pyrenees, and was brought back captive to Perpignan. He managed to get back to England in the spring of 1942.

This is only a sample of the remarkable adventures which took him later to France, Spain, Crete, Greece, Serbia. The book ends with a strange episode on the Adriatic island of Tremiti, which, he writes, "we ruled as Cromwell in Drogheda, Attila in Milan." There will be few if any livelier autobiographical pieces in 1958 than *Bid the Soldiers Shoot*.

By comparison Mr. Household's smooth and well-constructed account of his varied experiences, *Against the Wind*, seems almost demure. Yet his career has been quite as varied as Mr. Lodwick's. They both qualify as members of the Rolling Stones Club. From Oxford to a bank in Bucharest, as a banana salesman, as a traveller in printing inks, and finally as an officer in Field Security, Mr. Household glided about the world as urbanely and resourcefully as the hero of his own *Fellow Passenger*, but I doubt whether he has got as much enjoyment out of his pilgrimage as Mr. Lodwick has.

Mr. Gordon Cooper could and ought to have written a book which would rival either of those just mentioned. He was the first boy to construct and fly a glider when he was at Charterhouse. He has travelled and lived all over the world. He has a great flair for enjoyment and he has always been a delightful companion, impatient for the next pleasant experience round the corner. *Life's a Short Summer* is an impatient book. Mr. Cooper rattles his readers around the world and leaves them panting. It is an odd experience.

Mr. James Morris's fourth book might

THE WITCH AND THE LOBSTER

easily have been his first. He will be remembered as *The Times* correspondent with Sir John Hunt's triumphant Everest expedition, the young man who without any knowledge of mountaineering scrambled thousands of feet up the mountain and managed to get the news of its conquest back to his paper before any other news came through.

Coronation Everest does not attempt to compete with more elaborate accounts already published, but it gives an intimate picture of the climbers themselves, the problems they had to solve and the way they set about solving them. There is far the best description of Tensing that I have read in this book because Mr. Morris is one of the ablest of our younger writers, and I look forward to his forthcoming study of South Africa with anticipation.

Soondar Mooni freely translated, means "Beautiful Disposition," and this seems to be a reasonably apt description of the female elephant whose life story Mr. Shebbeare tells in the book he has named after her.

Mr. Shebbeare does not write about elephants with the accomplished ease of Lt.-Col. Williams ("Elephant Bill"), but he knows at least as much about them, and although he is guilty once or twice of putting thoughts into his heroine's head, he gives a remarkably good idea of the life of Soondar Mooni, born towards the end of Queen Victoria's reign in Assam, within sight of the foothills of the Himalayas, where she lived and roamed in a small herd of fifteen elephants until she and her mother were captured and trained.

Nearly half a century later Soondar Mooni was chosen to carry the wife of the Governor of Bengal to a tiger shoot, and she was by then so well trained that she politely retrieved a glove dropped by Mrs. Casey. In a delightful introduction, Mr. R. G. Casey notes how impressed he was on this occasion by the remarkable intelligence shown by Soondar Mooni and the other elephants in pushing over small trees and trampling down scrub to make a clear field of fire for their riders before a beat.

The book is full of interesting elephant lore and incidents in the life of an elephant which have never been described before. An elephant auction is followed by an account of Soondar Mooni's experiences with the family of a Bihar elephant dealer, where she remained for thirty years before she was sold to the District Board of Jalpaiguri in Bengal. Here elephants are used for transport in flood weather, for building bridges, or for

taking people "ghooming" about the forests, or on tiger hunts. When she was young Soondar Mooni once bolted with her rider. A tiger in the neighbourhood proved too much for her peace of mind. This incident is the most exciting thing in this sensible, informative, and unsentimental book.

Recently, I was reviewing a biography of Fanny Burney, complaining a little that the transatlantic author had set about the work with too much seriousness. The American universities now have "Chairmen" of their different departments. Mr. Ralph M. Wardle is now Chairman of the Department of English at the University of Omaha. It is possible that the responsibility of the position weighs on him a little because I feel that his *Oliver Goldsmith* might have been a more vivid and vigorous affair than it is. Mrs. Thrale wrote, "Lord bless us, what an anomalous character was his!" So it was, and Goldsmith's career was erratic. Much less is known about him than about many of his contemporaries and Mr. Wardle is not at his best in filling in the gaps or nimbly avoiding them. As a critic he has given, rather stolidly,

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a fair estimate of Goldsmith's very versatile genius, and of course he has had any amount of contemporary sources to help him on the biographical side. The book adds up to a conscientious estimate rather than a brilliant account.

Brilliant improvisation is, however, one of the striking features of *Letters from Hilaire Belloc*, which has been edited by Mr. Speaight, Belloc's biographer. I imagine that there could be numerous volumes of his correspondence and all of them worth reading. Some of the most high spirited are those written to Maurice Baring, many of them in verse. George Wyndham was another favoured recipient. To Mrs. Raymond Asquith Belloc wrote some of his experiences when he had the unlikely task of lecturing up and down the country to farmers in an attempt to persuade them to grow sugar beet. Gaiety, wit and good sense are everywhere in these letters, but towards the close of his life Belloc regretted sadly that he must always work to live. In 1940 two journals ended their contracts with him and he noted, "As those two papers were all the work I had and provided for my various families and dependants (let alone mortgage interest, taxation and travel and Clubs and Clothes and telegrams and drugs and alcohol) I am suddenly plunged into the Consommé or Bisque."

There are curiously few letters to G. K. Chesterton and they are not among the most memorable. Mr. Speaight writes that Belloc enjoyed writing letters more than anything else, and as he was compelled to do so much hack work in order to pay bills this is probably very near the truth, but I should think that his poetry must surely have pleased him most of all.

Henry Miller, the American critic, is among the most talented and controversial of contemporary writers. He delights in cryptic and allusive titles which are often meaningless to readers outside his own private circle. *Big Sur and the Oranges of Hieronymus Bosch* is the clumsiest and most baffling of them all until one is informed that Big Sur is the area south of Monterey on the Californian coast, where Mr. Miller has made his home for the last fourteen years, and the oranges "symbolise the delights of paradise in Bosch's great painting in the Prado."

More of an egoist, even, than George Moore Mr. Miller lets many of his prejudices, many of his likes and still more of his dislikes stream into this long and critical causerie.

Some time ago Mr. E. W. Martin wrote

The Secret People, a book about English village life since 1750. *Where London Ends* applies similar methods to English provincial life, covering the same period. It deals with the market town, the city and the region and so links up the English village with those social, psychological and industrial forces with which its future is inevitably blended. It is Mr. Martin's thesis that no community, rural or urban, can be understood without reference to the past. He insists on the importance of original thought in an age when the ear is assailed by public voices and the eye by an almost continuous procession of world events and entertainment. He believes, too, that people should be craftsmen. He urges the necessity of religion. He is convinced that

the ideal urban-rural partnership, so essential for future provincial welfare, is already in being as a nucleus. It has to be deepened and greatly extended, or built up by conscious effort into a new country tradition. As we have seen, the interdependence of village, market town and provincial city is a fact of contemporary life. Nowadays, therefore, one is surely justified in asking who the countryman is. Before modern communications broke down all the barriers of isolation, one could say that he was a labourer, farmer or craftsman tied to the rural parish for his livelihood and his leisure. Is that any longer true?

Where London Ends is the work of a good social historian and I imagine that Mr. Martin may extend his researches to London itself in a third book. I hope he will do so.

A little book by John Arlott, *Alletson's Innings*, is out in time for the cricket season and it deserves notice here because it was on May 20th, 1911 that E. B. Alletson, batting for Notts at Hove, scored 189 in ninety minutes. He made the last 142 in forty minutes.

He never came near his greatest innings again and some say that his county tried to turn him into a batsman when he was a natural hitter.

Mr. Arlott has done justice to *Alletson's Innings* and the book is well produced and documented.

The third and final volume of Sir Osbert Sitwell's poetic trilogy, *England Reclaimed*, is called *On the Continent* because it deals mainly with the English abroad, as seen through English eyes. The scene is set in an imaginary Italian city, the time is before the first World War.

Carefree and trivial are the terms Sir Osbert applies to those far-off days but he has caught their atmosphere perfectly.

ERIC GILLETT.

Novels

THE CONSCIENCE OF THE RICH. C. P. SNOW. *Macmillan*. 15s.

BALTHAZAR. Lawrence Durrell. *Faber*. 15s.

BY LOVE POSSESSED. James Gould Cozzens. *Longmans*. 18s.

THE ACTRESS. Bessie Breuer. *Cape*. 18s.

THE MARK OF THE WARRIOR. Paul Scott. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*. 15s.

THE CONTENDERS. John Wain. *Macmillan*. 13s. 6d.

AS MUSIC AND SPLENDOR. Kate O'Brien. *Heinemann*. 16s.

THE DREAMING SUBURB. R. F. Delderfield. *Hodder and Stoughton*. 16s.

SOBER AS A JUDGE. Henry Cecil. *Joseph*. 13s. 6d.

HE SHOULD HAVE DIED HEREAFTER. Cyril Hare. *Faber*. 12s. 6d.

THE LONG FAREWELL. Michael Innes. *Gollancz*. 12s. 6d.

SIR CHARLES SNOW is a novelist as purposeful as distinguished; he is extremely economical in style and construction—in *The Conscience of the Rich* the reader has even to be alert to realise the passage of time; and he is very accurate in his technicalities—in this novel, of law, government and finance. He is here concerned to show us the revolt of able young Anglo-Jewish Charles March against his father's and family's domination. The bone of contention seemed to me insufficient: why should the father object so violently when Charles decided to become a doctor instead of a lawyer? Ultimately, however, the core of the dispute is Charles's marriage to Anne—a Jewess, but a Communist. (His sister's marriage to a Gentile provokes less opposition). The climax comes when through Anne (in a sense) the March family is involved in enough scandal to cause an uncle to lose his Ministerial post. It is no small achievement to hold the reader to a story with so specialized an interest. Nor does the author make things easy for himself. He is inclined to tell us how his creatures feel rather than to make us feel with them—this in particular takes the edge off the all-important Jewishism; he almost stylizes some of them; and he entrusts the narrative to a young Gentile lawyer who views this Jewish *haut monde* with near-disinterest. The role of the narrator is a reminder that this novel is one of a sequence; in all other respects it is self-contained.

Lawrence Durrell is simple enough when he is being funny—and how funny he can be. But he is only occasionally out to make us laugh in *Balthazar*, which is an earlier novel retold

from a new angle, to enhance its truth. Retold? Not quite. I do not agree that in isolation from its predecessor in the Durrell sequence it can be fully understood or properly enjoyed. However, it abounds in brilliance of description of scenes and scenery in the Nile Delta, and especially in an Alexandria as remote as Byzantium from the "Alex" of British visitors; in invention poetical or comical; in richness of characters plausible despite their utter unfamiliarity and—so the assiduous and attentive reader will find—in subtlety and excitement of plot. The Balthazar of the title, by the way, appears only as commentator or as corrector of the author's interpretations. An enthralling but not an "easy" book, the basic concern of which is to analyse love.

Formidable too, but in another way, is *By Love Possessed*, which presents Love as a source of weakness and compromise. Five hundred of its 560 pages describe in detail forty-eight hours (plus the flashbacks which thoughts or actions and the many characters provoke) in the life of Arthur Winner, partner in a law firm in a small New England town, a near-prig of sense and integrity on whom many lean and who surely knows his course through the shifting sands of life. Then in an hour (and sixty pages) what he has known to be safe and solid proves to be nothing of the sort; and he has to re-plot his whole course. Undoubtedly J. G. Cozzens is a writer of more than ordinary power and insight, but the English reader may well boggle at so much slow detailed construction (including one singularly unappetising, and unnecessary, passage) when it is all destined to be so abruptly demolished. Is it unreasonable to suggest that it would have been to the author's greater credit to establish his central characters with fewer words and far fewer irrelevances?

Certainly I turned with relief to less pretentious—or ambitious—novels; for example, *The Actress*, also a long book, which tells (bluntly, where bluntness seems appropriate) what it takes in emotional experience to make an actress of a girl who went to Hollywood with no thought of acting: American divorce for no clear reason, Roman interlude first as honoured guest then as mistress-actress, childbearing in New York, return to Hollywood, there to witness an artist's frustration and submit to further and brutal lessons. It is the story of an actress finding herself and so her proper role, told by an author who is obviously familiar with the film world and its ways and can bring its people to life no

less vividly (but less romantically) than the screen. Whether indeed something like this Joanna's experience is needed for the making of a great actress and even whether at the book's end we can feel sure that Joanna has the makings of greatness, the reader must judge for himself.

There is also something out of the ordinary in *The Mark of the Warrior*, a much shorter book, with a military setting (Indian training school). This is essentially an exploration of character under stress: the character mainly of one man, an able and intelligent officer who lacks one quality of ruthlessness. This truth is discovered by a story of which the great merit is the opportunities it affords the author to develop and reveal facets of character that might go unseen in more conventional paths of life. It is to Paul Scott's credit that thanks to his clarity of style and vision he achieves his effects with unobtrusive economy.

Now for a trio of capable, very readable novels that are concerned to tell a story as readers mostly like it told—and what is wrong with that? First, John Wain presents the friendship-that-is-rivalry of a gifted artist and a successful business man, told by a third product of the same school in the Potteries;

this *tertium quid* being an object of their contempt, but in fact (of course) the perceptive onlooker. The telling is vigorous and good-humoured (and "modern" in the sense that a spade is generally overcalled), but the plot is rather mechanical and obvious, especially when the dumb blonde comes on the scene. True, the ending strikes an unexpected note, but the unexpectedness really is due to its being a digression, albeit lively, from the book's theme.

Very different in matter, time and manner, but as well contrived and directed, is *As Music and Splendour*, in which (time, the 'eighties) two Irish girls, pretty but penniless, after a brief conventual passage in Paris go on to Rome to learn to sing; living an emancipated but still very Victorian life, busy with emotions as well as operas (but rather operatic emotions), and achieving success with novelettish speed. Kate O'Brien does it skilfully and agreeably, making the Roman musical background the book's most realistic element. The sense of the girls' dedication to music is admirably conveyed.

We move on to the 1919-40 era. The scene is "The Avenue" in what, more poetically than perhaps it deserves, R. F. Delderfield calls *The Dreaming Suburb*. His characters are the inmates of five houses; solid trade unionist, lecherous black-marketeer, errant daughter of a broken marriage, doting husband-to-be, reduced gentlewoman—these and an assorted score of others between them experience nearly all the hopes and trials of the years between the wars—in the political sphere, slump, unemployment, general strike, hunger march, blackshirts, peace ballot. A carefully calculated, well-constructed, well-written novel (not noticeable for delicacy) that pretends to be no more than it is—a good, readable story which many readers (since memory eschews the painful) may find nostalgic.

Roger Thursby is now, at the age of 46, a High Court Judge, and has not only to hear some fascinatingly odd actions such as persuade the layman that it is not only the law that is an ass, but also to watch his off-duty step. And an old schoolfellow, who combines a love of practical jokes with an appreciation of the commercial value of publicity, sees fit—well, it is lucky that Roger has the sort of wife to appreciate the charms of the pretty Toni. *Sober as a Judge* then is a collection of Thursby cases strung on a thread of a plot—with a happy and unexpected ending.

There is also an amusing case (in the Chancery Division too) in Cyril Hare's latest

A Scottish Coxswain



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detective story. Also on the credit side of *He Should Have Died Hereafter* are the well-conveyed *exalté* condition in which staid Mr. Pettigrew sees a corpse on Exmoor when—or where?—there is none, and the final explanation of the mystery with its false trail—so obvious when you are told. On the other hand, the characters are flat and their identities hard to keep in mind; which, since so many have the same surname, is a serious blemish.

This reproach cannot be levelled at *The Long Farewell*, which is a Michael Innes detective story; amusingly rich in eccentric types, its plot revolving round a problem of Shakespearian scholarship, its unravelling in the hands of that Sir John Appleby who always strikes me as a cut above his police job. Still, that is the sort of sleuth you need for out-of-the-way crimes committed in slightly unrealistic, or at any rate highly uncommon, circumstances.

MILWARD KENNEDY.

Theatre

By KAYE WEBB

"A Resounding Tinkle" and "The Hole." By N. F. Simpson (Royal Court)

THE first half of the programme at the Royal Court, which certainly deserves to be included in their repertoire, is the most interesting theatrical development of the month. In it a new playwright, N. F. Simpson, gives us something entirely fresh in comic invention.

His one-act play relies not on the wit of his dialogue but on its appalling banality. A dreary and mutually loathing couple, the Paradocks, have an elephant in their front garden. We discover, after ten minutes of excruciating commonplaces, that what annoys them about this is that it is "bigger than last year's." Their friend, Norah, has been equally badly served as her snake has been sent too short—"Of course it can be lengthened, but then you don't get the thickness." From then on, life in the "semi-detached" moves from one piece of surrealism to another. Uncle Ted drops in but he's changed his sex since his last visit—"You've given up motor bikes then?" They all have "a nice read" to refresh themselves, cutting little bits out of books and handing them round on a cake stand. A neighbour rings up to collect for parachutes for eagles—"She's worried about the strain when they swoop"—and the Sunday service ends with

the solemn standing to attention as they sing "Sweet Polly Oliver." And all the time the terrible boredom of their lives comes dripping slow into the corner of the sitting room where two goldfish swim round and round their little bowl. You will either find this play exquisitely funny or, like the couple behind me, say, "Oh well, it was a prize-winner in the *Observer* competition so we ought to have known," and leave precipitately.

The second half of the evening, *The Hole*, while excellent of its type, breaks no new ground, although the hole goes fascinatingly deep and the sidewalk spectators see some wonderful pictures in the plumbing. But I think Sean O'Casey said it better in his very neglected play *Within the Gates*.

"Twelfth Night" (Old Vic)

It's been a good month for humour all round. The Old Vic production of *Twelfth Night*, while weak in its female cast, has some very excellent fooling and the device of Malvolio (Richard Wordsworth) getting his cross-gartering crossed, so that he minces across the stage legs tied together, was beautifully timed to fit in with the beginning of the school holidays. But the only performance of real importance came from Derek Godfrey, whose wonderfully pathetic Feste (after Watteau) was almost on a par with that created in the same theatre by Robert Eddison ten years ago.

"The Kidders." By Donald Ogden Stewart (St. Martin's)

Under the guise of a light-weight domestic drama, *The Kidders* contrives to put under a microscope a section of the American way of life. Apparently the play is about a shipwrecked marriage, but what we are really asked to judge is the weakness of an economic structure which encourages ordinarily nice men and women to lose their integrity and betray their friends.

These "great little kidders" are bewildered young people switching from one set of moral attitudes to another with dizzy and desperate rapidity. What is right: To keep the home fires burning while the heart rots? To take a lover in order to keep your husband happy? To sleep with your boss in order to keep your brother's job for him? To step aside out of all the scramble for favours and preach lofty bromides from the sidelines without really doing anything to help? They have nothing to hang on to with any surety because they have been reared to

pay homage to success before any other virtue; because their first obedience is to the Big rather than the Good.

The author, Donald Ogden Stewart, cheats by tidying up the Hughes's problems hopefully, but until the last five minutes his warnings are real. The cast, including Faith and Lyndon Brook, is admirable but the best performance of all comes from Betty McDowall.

* * *

There are also two new modern comedies. *Not in the Book* (Criterion) has Wilfred Hyde White as its star and looks like being here for a long stay. *The Breath of Spring* (Cambridge), starring Athene Seyler and Michael Shepley, deserves to delight us well into the winter.

KAYE WEBB.

Music

By ROBIN DENNISTON
Sound and Fury

THE musico-critical world has been startled recently by an article in *The Score* (a most valuable magazine, at the moment in financial difficulties) by Peter Stadlen. Mr. Stadlen is a concert pianist, and a leading exponent of "serial" music; he now suggests that both Schönberg and Webern, the giants of the twelve-tone system, felt the technique of serial writing was unimportant, and that (to put it crudely) their music should make its appeal for its own sake and without reference to the presuppositions on which it is written. Lesser men have turned what was for them little more than a device into a sufficient reason for putting notes on paper, to the hectic delight of a few *coteries* and the total bewilderment of everyone else. Most critics welcome this article as a sign that, in some way, they have been right all along in not succumbing totally to the twelve-tone mystique. But it has not been noticed that Mr. Stadlen actually achieves a good deal more than a partial debunking of the method. The whole question of diatonic versus atonal or modal music is raised by him in a particularly significant way. How did the diatonic distribution of tones and semi-tones come into being, he asks? Why did diatonic music replace earlier modal and other music, and why is it, apparently, being itself replaced in the 20th century? The diatonic scale, Mr. Stadlen says, "represents so strange and arbitrary a selection from the pitch-continuum that it could not have come into being

except on the merits of each individual note's relation to the key-note regardless of sequence." He goes on: "This might explain our difficulties in understanding the musicality from which non-Western music flows, compared with the ease with which non-Europeans, even when brought up on their own traditional music, can see the point of ours." He suggests, in fact, that tonality "would thus appear not as a phase or a style but as the nature of music" [my italics]. This seems to me a very valuable piece of reasoning and a conclusion of outstanding importance, with which all lovers of classical music will thankfully agree. For instead of being forced to admit that all the music which delights our sense does so only because we have been conditioned to it, and will sound meaningless to a future generation, we may perhaps be vindicated in our unformulated belief that tonal music has an intrinsic validity which is independent both of time and space. Mr. Stadlen also suggests that pre-Western melodies might be felt to be related to tonality, and that the polyphonic theorizing of a past age, as the serial theorizing of the Viennese school in recent years, is a symptom of frustration at a failure to grasp the true nature of its material; though another reason may be the temporary bankruptcy (or, as he says, the running down of the finite number of significant possibilities) of tonality. At all events his speculation is fraught with interest and at the very least can fortify us middlebrow Philistines in our desire to listen to Mozart and Handel for the rest of our lives.

Experimentalism for its own sake is far removed from the work of Arnold Foster and Joan Sharp (daughter of Cecil Sharp) whose folk-opera *Lord Bateman* was to be seen at St. Pancras Town Hall last month. Here they have taken the traditional story of the young noble who sails in far seas, is captured, falls for Sophia the Turkish girl, returns, nearly marries the girl-from-next-door, but finally settles for Sophia who turns up with hardly a minute to spare; and have given it a light-hearted treatment, with an abundance of good tunes, taken mostly from traditional sources, some deft orchestration, some excellently pointed words and some happy touches of invention and character. Unfortunately the cast was barely up to the required D'Oyly Carte level of slickness; such an opera demands either a superlative professional staging or else amateurs acting for their parents and friends—this would be a marvellous production for schools and col-

Music

leges. Both composer and librettist are of course in the van of the folk-music revival; and lovely though the folk music is that they have so selflessly collected and which now beguiles us without our knowing how we came to know the tunes, one cannot help feeling that this work should not be regarded as an end in itself. It is difficult not to regret the loss of Arnold Foster to the more general stream of modern music, through his pre-occupation with this great task. His own compositions, few though they are, and suffused with the spirit of folk music, have a rich, romantic depth of feeling and expression which it would be difficult to parallel amongst modern British composers.

ROBIN DENNISTON.

Records

By ALEC ROBERTSON

Orchestral

BRAHMS'S D Major Symphony, though, of course, without the urgency and tension of the C minor is not, however mellow most of its themes, entirely sunlit; and Klemperer, directing on a finely-played and recorded performance by the Philharmonia Orchestra (Columbia 33CX1517), does not fail to remind us of the fact. His interpretation, somewhat rigid in rhythm, often beautiful in detail, is always interesting, but not always acceptable. The sudden quickening of the tempo in the development section of the first movement is a case in point, and there is little romantic glow in the lovely coda—taken very slowly. On the other hand, the finale moves on with splendid energy. His reading of the *Tragic Overture*, also on this disc, is very compelling. Bruno Walter is my first choice in this symphony (Philips ABL3095), but Klemperer's strength and clarity of presentation should be sampled.

Dvořák's charming F Major Symphony (known as No. 3, but really No. 5 of the nine) is played by Karel Sejna and the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra, with all the warmth and understanding one would expect. Smetana's *March*, in celebration of Shakespeare's 300th birthday, played by the same orchestra but conducted by J. Burghauser, is little more than an occasional piece. As 250 persons, in costume, filed past Shakespeare's bust at the first performance the *March* must have been of considerable length. It is here

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mercifully abbreviated (Supraphon LOV 79).

On their toes, doubtless, in their centenary year, the Hallé Orchestra, under Barbirolli, give a magnificent performance of Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony (F minor) which avoids the exciting but mannered one by Silvestri (H.M.V. ALP1511) and opts for simplicity and romanticism without sentimentality. For me it sails to the top of the class, and that also goes for the recording (Pye CCL30116).

There is an interesting clutch of modern concertos. On H.M.V. CLP1164 Denis Matthews, with Sargent and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, plays Rubbra's G Major Concerto and Rawsthorne's Piano Concerto No. 2. The Rubbra score is headed with a quotation from Canto 111 of Dante's *Inferno*, "Let us not speak of them, but look and pass on," an allusion, perhaps, to the critics, who handled the work very roughly! The concerto is dedicated to Ali Akbar Khan, a noted Pakistan player of the *sarod* (a five-stringed "plucked" instrument with twenty-two sympathetic strings), and its first movement is titled *Corymbus*, a botanical term, in reference to themes expanded on each appearance. The other movements are *Dialogue* and *Danza alla Rondo*. Rubbra does not wear his heart on his sleeve and this refined music needs to be known. I myself enjoyed it, and it could not have a better exponent than Mr. Matthews. The Rawsthorne does not suit him quite so well—it needs more *panache* in its finale—but it is well done. The recording is no more than adequate.

Vox deserve high praise for giving us, on one disc (PL10530), Schoenberg's Piano and Violin Concertos, the first played by Alfred Brendel, the second by Wolfgang Marschner, and both with the Südwestfunk Orchestra, Baden-Baden, conducted by Michael Gielen.

As far as I can judge these are excellent and well-recorded performances of concertos that have been called "among the most highly perfected works of the composer" and, in some respects, "the culmination of the grand tradition of the concerto." There is a chance now to come to grips with this music—and it is indeed worthy of the effort—and that will best be accomplished by forgetting all about serial technique.

Chamber Music

I heard one of our up-and-coming young conductors, the other day, give a totally insensitive performance of Mozart's *Eine kleine Nachtmusik*, with far too large a body of strings, but this mistake is not made by Thurston Dart—and should not be made by younger musi-

cians, who have been able to profit from modern scholarship. Mr. Dart takes the *Romance* at the tempo marked by Mozart (that is faster than we usually hear it), observes nearly all repeats, and inserts what is thought to be the missing minuet and trio. Also on the disc are the *Serenata Notturna* (K.239) and two of the *Epistle Sonatas* (K. 244 and 274). The Philomusica of London players serve the conductor well and this is a very delightful disc (L'Oiseau Lyre OL50162).

The Budapest Quartet give an excellent, well-recorded, performance of the most orchestral of Schubert's string quartets, the great work in G major (Op. 161), for a recording of which we have had to wait a long time. More dramatic than lyrical, it has a finale—tarantella-like—full of some remarkable harmonic clashes (Philips ABL3158).

Also recommended. Three of Beethoven's Violin Sonatas: A major (Op. 12, No. 2); E flat major (Op. 12, No. 3); G major (Op.30, No. 3) are beautifully played by Arthur Grumiaux and Clara Haskill, with the right sort of balance. I hope they will complete the set (Philips ABL3199).

Instrumental

Three of the most popular Beethoven piano sonatas on one disc is indeed a bargain. This is what Kempff plays on D.G.G. DGM19087—the "Pathétique," "Moonlight" and "Appassionata"! Somewhat variable performances (two have been issued before); excellent recording.

Opera

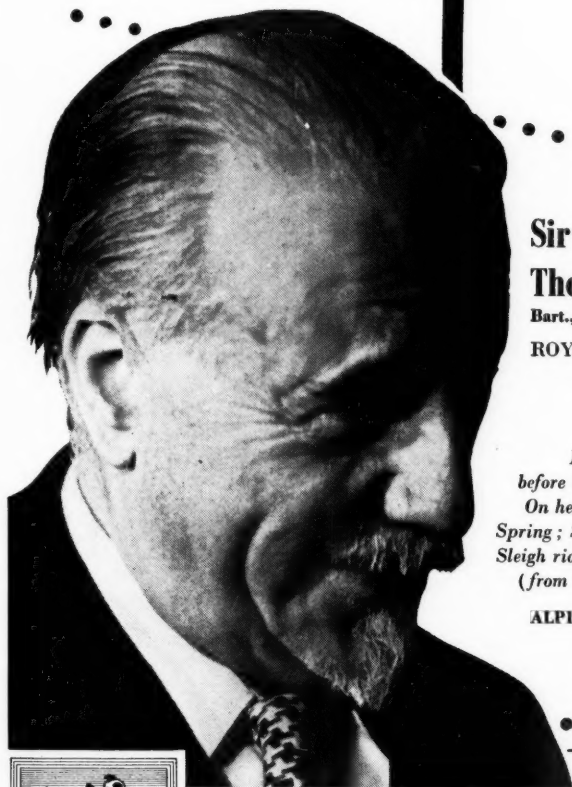
We have had a baritone Orpheus, Fischer-Dieskau (D.G.G. DGM18343-4) and now come a mezzo-soprano and a tenor in the rôle in two new issues. Risé Stevens sings the part on R.C.A. 16058-60) and Nicolai Gedda on Columbia 33CX1520-1.

I do not care for either a baritone or a tenor singer in the part, but it is a serious economic consideration that the R.C.A. issue—in which Monteux conducts the Rome Opera House Chorus and Orchestra, takes three discs. By far the most stylish and best-recorded orchestral performance is given by Louis de Froment (with the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra and Festival Chorus), but Gedda has to strain at his part so much that one's throat aches in sympathy. Economic considerations apart, I would recommend the R.C.A. issue, which also has the advantage of Lisa della Casa's lovely performance of Euridice. But it is not an easy choice.

ALEC ROBERTSON.



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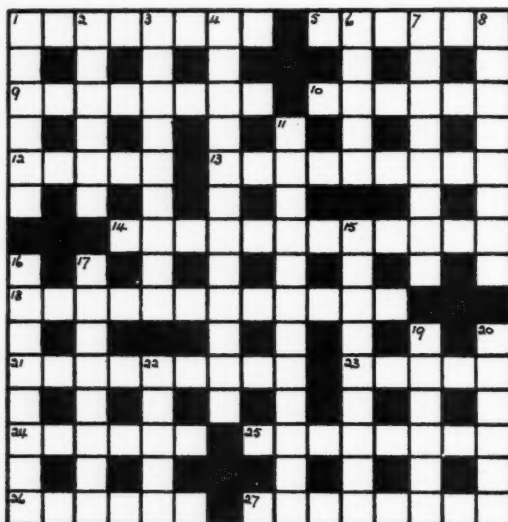


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CLUES

ACROSS

1. One might call him a bank manager (8)
5. Neat, or could be florid (6)
9. Earlier reminder (8)
10. Brave, lawless ruffian in Paris (6)
12. This bird is about just before nightfall (5)
13. Mineral for two ages (9)
14. Men repress it perhaps to give a wrong impression (12)
18. The craftsman at No. 10 (12)
21. They make people cross! (9)
23. It depends on one's palate (5)
24. "The never idle workshop of . . ." Matthew Arnold (*Elegiac Poems, Epilogue*) (6)
25. Statements liable to be discounted (8)
26. Sheridan's chaperon (6)
27. Fruit comes from here, but not, apparently, by sea (8)

DOWN

1. Explosive account (6)
2. In favour of retirement? (6)
3. No reptile gets a surfeit (9)
4. Share at last in improvement (12)
6. One must know them to be well informed (5)
7. Something used by sailor and French hermit (8)
8. Earth and air, fire and water, to the ancients (8)
11. Places in coma to engender courtesy (12)
15. "Let's choose . . . and talk of wills." Shakespeare (*King Richard II*) (9)
16. Hidden, — yet exhibited to the public (8)
17. The missing person sent in a worker (8)
19. Religious lady, one in company, representing Rome (6)
20. Dog star (6)
22. Italian city,—one involved in revolution (5)

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